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The Time for Plain Speech

MANY people in this country, who share the general alarm at present American policy, object to any outspoken criticism lest Washington should be offended and isolationism be encouraged. They were dismayed by even the extremely moderate Parliamentary criticism, made on Labour, Liberal and Conservative benches alike, which led to Mr. Attlee's visit to the United States. But it is reticence, not plain speaking which is dangerous. We are drifting into a situation in which the newspapers, the wireless and all the official sources shout with one voice, while the man in the bus or pub mumbles a very different opinion. We recall the disastrous results of a similar unresolved conflict in France in the first twelve months of the last war.

The immediate result of a lack of frankness between Allies is to leave in the lurch millions of Americans who share our doubts about American world policy and to foster the growing American habit of regarding foreign criticism of U.S. policy as subversive or treacherous. Some U.S. commentators now measure foreign countries and politicians in terms of their "loyalty," not to democratic principles, the United Nations, or even collective security, but to the United States. For five years, the argument runs, American aid has shored up Europe's unstable economies while American atomic supremacy has provided external security for the West. The reward for such disinterested help (or so it undoubtedly seems to many Americans) is a marked reluctance on the part of its beneficiaries to rally around Old Glory in the hour of crisis. There is genuine astonishment and annoyance in this American reaction, which attributes such reluctance to a variety of motives, from base ingratitude to secret sympathy with Communism. Only a short step separates this from Mr. Hoover's doctrine: "A plague on you all—America First."

It is in such terms that too many Americans to-day assess critical opinion overseas. In Congress and the press, the servile ally and the sycophantic friend are daily praised for their courage and intelligence: those who differ publicly with the present drift of American policy are either abused or grossly misrepresented. American relations with Europe, therefore, have become less a frank exchange of opinions about the future policy of the Atlantic alliance than a continual attempt by the United States to conciliate or frighten its associates into a precarious unity.

It is this unequal relationship that endangers the Anglo-American partnership on which our foreign policy has been predicated since Dunkirk. The signs of dissatisfaction and anxiety which Americans rightly detect, both in Britain and on the Continent, do not spring from deep anti-American prejudice. They are the sentiments of sincere and sensible people who fear that their fate is being decided over their heads. They do not believe that war is either actual or inevitable, though the New Year presents a gloomy prospect. Nor, if war should come, would their consciences be clear. This country, to say nothing of Europe, would be a house divided against itself if it should enter a devastating conflict with the uneasy thought that peace had been allowed to go by default.

The policy of America's allies in the West has been one of tacit dissent from the course the United States has taken. On one occasion after another they have suppressed their doubts or made but feeble protests, because they have not dared to run the risk that to incur American displeasure—and the possible loss of American support—would be to leave them naked and shivering in the cold wind from the East. Yet such insincere reticence leads to disaster. It commits them in the end to the American camp, as France was committed to Britain in 1939, but makes them allies with little heart in a struggle which they believe might have been averted had they spoken with conviction at the decisive moment. A war against China, provoked by America's Eastern policy, or a war in Europe brought on by the panic rearmament of Germany, would divide Britain, morally and politically, as it has not been divided since the French Revolution.

The task is to face these facts. The British Government is certainly aware of them, but it shrinks from drawing the necessary conclusion because it mistakenly believes that it might thus give fresh momentum to American isolationism. As spokesman, in effect, for all the nations of Europe and Asia which stand between the U.S.S.R. and the United States, it alone has the power and prestige to make its voice heard across the Atlantic. A clear and responsible British initiative, which takes account of the real differences that are driving deep wedges between British and U.S. opinion, has become a duty. The extremists in the U.S., who have managed to secure a growing grip on American policy, do not mince their words. This is our time for plain speech. Honesty and our national security require it.

Towards Negotiation with Russia?

With remarkable promptness Moscow has replied to the Western counter-proposals for Four-Power talks in a Note which at least holds the door open. The Western suggestion that an agenda should be prepared by the Foreign Ministers' deputies is accepted—though objection is taken to holding the talks in New York—and the U.S.S.R. does not explicitly refuse to have the range of the agenda extended. The Note insists that German demilitarisation should have priority in any discussions, but "other questions also pertaining to Germany," it adds, might be included. It is not clear how much insistence the Russians intend to place on the Prague proposals. The Note merely says that their rejection in advance by the West "arouses legitimate perplexity," since they have not yet been examined by the Four Powers.

In view of the obvious hesitations of Washington and, to a lesser extent, of London about opening negotiations with Moscow—the Western Powers took six weeks to reply to the original Soviet proposal—it was only to be expected that initial reactions in Washington should depict the Soviet reply, with its belligerent passage about the "remilitarisation" already allegedly under way in Western Germany, as unhelpful. What Washington's temper is at its worst may perhaps be gauged by the uncompromising statement, on December 28, of Mr. McCloy, the American High Commissioner in Germany, to the effect that the West will press forward with arrangements for West German rearmament "without any regard to a Four-Power conference between the Western Allies and the Soviet Union." If that were the Administration's last word, the chances of a successful conference would be nil; but there are still Americans who regard the rearmament of Germany as a bargaining weapon which they hope not to have to use.

Opinion in Germany

There is growing evidence that the Bonn Government, however willing it may be to play the Western game (and the game, of course, would carry big political concessions by the West) is having to reckon seriously with the German movement against German rearmament. No amount of official pressure has silenced Pastor Niemöller, for instance, who continues to argue that rearmament must mean disaster for the Germans.

> We oppose rearmament in a divided Germany, in the West as well as in the East, because it would be nothing but the rearmament of one part of Germany against the other. Most of us are convinced that the danger of real war will increase with rearmament on both sides of the Iron Curtain. I also oppose West German rearmament because it cannot be done without losing any chance of achieving democracy in West Germany.

Niemöller has proposed that the Four-Power occupation be displaced by a "neutral" occupation under United Nations control.

A new and perhaps significant development in Germany is the reported decision of the Bonn Government, after many weeks of hesitation, to accept the proposal of Otto Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister, for all-German talks on reunification of the four zones. "We Germans," wrote Grotewohl on Christmas Eve in an East German newspaper, "have waited for five years for a solution from outside. But in the coming year we want to take the question of the reunification of Germany into our own hands—the time for negotiation has come. Concessions will have to be made by both sides." Dr. Noack, founder of the so-called Nauheim Circle, is now suggesting that the "neutralisation" of an unarmed, unoccupied and united Germany might be achieved if the Eastern *Bereitschaften* were disbanded, all non-Fascist parties recognised in the Eastern Zone and "free" all-German elections held. Are these the sort of "concessions" Grotewohl has in mind?

America's Allies

Recent contributions to the great U.S. policy debate, and notably the speeches of Mr. Dulles and Governor Dewey, make it clear that there is no disagreement about mobilisation. The differences arise on questions of strategy, especially—since Mr. Hoover's "retreatist" pronouncement—on the attitude that America shall adopt towards her allies.

Mr. Dulles has argued frankly that the U.S. cannot try to plug every hole in the wall containing the Soviet bloc: to do so would be fatally to disperse American manpower and resources. Instead, he proposes that her allies should provide bases from which a strong America could launch powerful counter-attacks. America, in other words, cannot hope to defend the homeland of any ally that may be threatened. It can only pick, from the available candidates, places suitable for retaliatory action.

Governor Dewey may have realised the discouraging impact that this speech was bound to make upon allies who look to the North Atlantic Pact as a means of defence and not merely as a promise that, after a devastating war, they will eventually be liberated. While agreeing with Mr. Dulles that America must maintain overseas bases for counter-attack, he made a strong appeal for "free men everywhere . . . to band together" and urged the U.S. to aid them. This formula side-steps the harsh realism with which Mr. Dulles—supported, it seems, by a growing body of American opinion—insisted that the U.S. must be able to choose among the "free men."

To such arguments, the Administration at present replies that the U.S. is pledged to the defence of Europe and that to go back on this would have fatal consequences. Through the whole debate—in which Hoover is separated from Dewey and Dulles less by principle than by a different assessment of the value of particular allies to the U.S.—there runs the assumption expressed by *Newsweek* when it asked recently: "Will this be the last Christmas of peace on earth?" and answered with a grimly inflexible: "*Yes*—that was the reluctant but firm conclusion in authoritative circles in Washington."

The Coal Crisis

The coal picture, as the year begins, is grim. It looks as though the final results for last year will show an increase of 1,500,000 tons in deep-mined output, offset by a drop of 250,000 tons in open-cast. That is to say, production will not have reached even the lower figure of the target estimate set in last year's *Economic Survey*, whereas consumption rose by about 7,000,000 tons. As a result, with at least three months of heavy consumption ahead, distributed stocks are already at a critical level: they are about 4 million tons bigger than they were at the beginning of 1947, but—apart from the added requirements of rearmament—civil consumption has increased and, in the country as a whole, there are now barely three weeks' stocks distributed. If the weather in January and February lives up to the recent fore-taste of severity, there is a real threat of acute local shortages and the closing of factories.

It would be grossly unfair to blame the miners for this situation. With a labour force reduced by 23,000, they have bettered the 1949 output: production at the face has risen from 3 to 3.1 tons per manshift, and O.M.S. from 1.16 to 1.19 tons, while absenteeism has shown a significant decline. It is difficult to acquit the Coal Board of responsibility for gravely underestimating future inland consumption, and it is arguable that the Government should have foreseen earlier that the decision to step up exports of coal last year was taking an unwarrantable risk. It is no use, however, crying over spilt milk. What is needed is less Ministerial pleading than a policy—both short-term and long-term—which will elicit the miners' full co-operation.

Honour is Satisfied

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The five-day rearmament debate in the Assembly was conducted in an earnest, solemn mood. In getting his military "vote" through the House by a handsome majority of 331 to 185, M. Pleven has secured a striking political victory. The military expenditure, totalling £750 millions or one-third of the French Budget, represents an increase of about £350 millions above last year's initial military estimate. The increase is to be covered by some £140 millions of U.S. Aid, £150 millions of new taxes, and the rest by loans and (somewhat theoretical) economy cuts.

M. Pleven hopefully emphasised that acceptance of this plan would show France's doubting allies that she meant business, and would convince her potential enemies that she was not defeatist. But M. Petsche, the Finance Minister, spoke rather bitterly of the limited aid so far promised by the U.S. and of America's refusal to have the Atlantic Powers resources "pooled" for common defence. He referred to the chaotic state of the world market in raw materials as a result of the U.S. rearmament boom, and emphasised that the threat of inflation must be watched by France with vigilance.

Still less optimistic, M. Mendès-France expressed doubts whether even the semblance of sound finance could be preserved in France unless losses were cut in Indo-China. He particularly deplored the curtailment of the domestic programme of capital equipment, arguing that economic power, in present-day conditions, is more important than military power proper. The House was left with the impression that its vote had satisfied a French point of honour while leaving grave economic problems unsolved.

The Commonwealth and Asia

THE Commonwealth Ministers have assembled in London this week for the purpose, we are told, of "defence." Against "Soviet imperialism," the expansion of China, world Communism or what? All these are different conceptions, and the military defence which would be required to meet an offensive by the Red Army against, say, Western Europe, might be the very policy most likely to promote the spread of world Communism. The particular danger uppermost in the minds of people like Mr. Menzies, who is now urging a Pacific Pact comparable to the existing North Atlantic Pact, is the threat to the position of the Western peoples in the Pacific area resulting from the awakened nationalism and political consciousness of the peasantry of Asia, who make up about half the population of the world.

The revolutions in Viet Nam, China and Korea have made the nature of this threat sufficiently clear. The departure of the Japanese from Indo-China left, as it did everywhere else, a national movement with which was inexorably linked a demand for social change, especially for the emancipation of the peasantry. Because the French refused to come to terms with this movement, Ho Chi Minh's Government is to-day completely controlled by the Communists. In China, because the United States supported Chiang Kai-shek with vast quantities of arms and billions of dollars, nationalism became identified with Communism; and Mao Tse-tung, undoubted emancipator of some 400 millions of Chinese peasants, is in a position, if he thinks fit, to throw all the "Western imperialists" out of South-East Asia. By way of contrast, where the Western Powers—in India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and finally in Indonesia—have recognised the claims of Asian nationalism, there are still strong ties of goodwill towards the non-imperialist elements of the West and a will to work out their own form of Socialist salvation.

This general situation was understood by representatives of the Commonwealth who met to consider economic co-operation with South-East Asia at Colombo, and who subsequently developed two schemes in London last September. The small sum of £8 million was earmarked for technical assistance which is now being administered through the bureau at Colombo; a second larger scheme depends on future capital investment in South-East Asia. Admittedly only a small beginning, these schemes were welcomed because their approach was realistic, being based on an understanding of the real needs of the South-East Asian peasant, and not marred by the "dollar imperialism" which—as the recent report on aid to the Philippines has shown—may actually lower the peoples' standard of living as well as increasing their dependence. On the lines of this Colombo Conference, it is possible to envisage the creation within a comparatively short time of a sentiment in South-East Asia highly inimical to Communism because based on a national consciousness of self-improvement, owing nothing to the rest of the world except such technical and financial assistance as one independent government may properly negotiate with another.

The danger of the present "defence" discussions among the Commonwealth Powers is that all this good preliminary work, based on a true appreciation of the position in Asia, may be swept away by demands for military expenditure, based on misapprehensions which General MacArthur and his friends are foisting on the United States. What need of propaganda from Moscow is there when MacArthur announces the rearmament of Japan? By what vast and financially suicidal effort of rearmament is it proposed to counter the onward sweep of China's armies if the Commonwealth decides to substitute a policy of war for that of peace towards Peking? To rearm Japan is an act of aggression against China, just as to rearm Germany is an act of aggression against the whole of Europe.

Pandit Nehru at least is aware of the new mood of Asia. He appreciates the economic and military facts and the possibility of maintaining, in the sub-continent of India and in Burma and Indonesia, a dynamic indigenous movement of social and national emancipation. He is aware, as only a few other Commonwealth spokesmen seem so far to be aware, that to pass India and South-East Asia into the hands of the MacArthurs and Defence Chiefs is to lay them swiftly open to Communist penetration, and to make insoluble those many other economic and social problems which call for all the energy, brains and money that would be diverted for the purposes of war. The weakness of Nehru's own position is that, although he is outspoken in stating this case, he has failed so far to apply his own doctrine within India, where much too great a proportion of manpower and other resources are being devoted to the relatively unimportant dispute about Kashmir—a dispute which has deprived the conference of the presence of the Premier of Pakistan.

If he can free himself from this preoccupation, Pandit Nehru, whose efforts at mediation in Korea have won him a position of leadership in all countries not bemused by MacArthurism, has this week a greater opportunity than ever before. Nehru was right about Bao Dai; he was right about the importance of China's representation in the Security Council; he was right about the danger of crossing the 38th Parallel; he has been right about Formosa and the terms necessary for achieving a peace with China and ending the war in Korea. Not only in the thirteen Asian and Arab nations, but in all countries where hopes of peace have not been abandoned, he would be listened to with great attention if he again laid down terms for a Far-Eastern settlement, protested on behalf of the whole of outraged Asia against the proposal once more to unleash Japanese militarism, put forward constructive proposals for the economic and social emancipation of the peasants of South-East Asia, and bluntly stated that India would not take part in MacArthur's war against China or in preparations for it.

Is Russia Expecting War?

IT is hard to say either yes or no. Even so, by talking to Russians and studying their propaganda, one gets an idea of why, in some ways, a war in 1951 now seems more likely, and why, in other ways, it is less likely.

To begin with, the Russians seem to-day a good deal happier than they were last summer. Whether they were directly or only indirectly responsible for the North Korean invasion of South Korea, they were profoundly disturbed by the sharp American reaction. Whatever they might say about U.N. decisions concerning Korea being "illegal," they felt, in reality, acutely uncomfortable about the turn events had taken. In the eyes of world opinion neither the Soviet Union nor, still less, the North Koreans had a sufficiently good "moral case," and, this being so, Moscow ostentatiously gave the North Koreans only "most heartfelt moral support." The 100-ton tanks, which might have made all the difference to the North Koreans in August, Moscow refused to supply. The "preventive war" speeches in America were not without effect in Russia, and Moscow absolutely refused, at that moment, to support the North Koreans at the risk of precipitating a world war.

Then came the Inchon landing. "Heartfelt moral support" continued to be given to the North Koreans, but the most that the Russians were deriving from the North Koreans' rout was an opportunity to stir up the most frantic anti-American hatred throughout Asia. The most was made of the mass bombings, of the Americans' "contempt for Yellow life," of the destruction of all the industries "so lovingly" set up by the People's Democracy in North Korea and of the historic buildings of Seoul; and of the atrocities committed by Syngman Rhee's police. But, so long as all this was happening South of the 38th Parallel, neither the Chinese nor the Russians were going to budge.

It was U.N.'s feeble acceptance of the *fait accompli*, when MacArthur "allowed" his South Koreans to cross the 38th Parallel that marked the beginning of a new Russian (and Chinese) policy in relation to Korea. Although often misinformed, the Kremlin this time correctly inferred that world opinion was now becoming extremely confused about the rights and wrongs in Korea. Russia and China found themselves overnight on the side of the angels. America was becoming the "obvious" aggressor: why did America have to push right on to the borders of Manchuria? For what purposes of "defence" was she needing Formosa? Great prominence was given in the Russian press to the Chinese warnings against the crossing of the Parallel, and though at first very little was said about the intervention of Chinese "volunteers" in Northern Korea, Russian opinion—which would have dreaded such a move in the summer—now welcomed it whole-heartedly. The collapse of the "Home by Christmas" offensive overjoyed Moscow,

and the violent reaction in England and Western Europe generally to Truman's " atom bomb " statement of November 30 showed the Russians that they had guessed right about West-European sentiment.

As distinct from West-European observers, Russian commentators have been careful not to draw any clear distinction between MacArthur and Truman. Truman, and not MacArthur is, to the Russians, Enemy Number One. In spite of everything, MacArthur is an underling, and to treat Truman as a helpless victim of MacArthur is nothing but hypocrisy, the Russians say. MacArthur, to the Russians, is to-day merely a blundering general ; but Truman is the Man of America's Rearmament—a much more serious matter.

" American rout in Korea "—this is the phrase occurring over and over again in the Russian press in the last few weeks ; and if, last summer, Russians one met were clearly nervous about the atom bomb and " preventive war " talk, they now laugh at the very mention of " atom bombs on Manchuria." " We are quite confident, since November 30, that no atom bombs will be dropped on Manchuria—or anywhere else for the present—and even if they are, then what ? " The tone of the question was quite clear to me. Once the atom bomb was dropped anywhere in present circumstances, little doubt would be left in anybody's mind who was the *de facto* aggressor.

Recently, *Pravda* has been going through the American papers picking up every crumb of evidence of incipient American isolationism. Not that the Russian press is yet convinced of a fundamental disunity among the Western Allies —far from it. If one reads between the lines, one finds the Russians taking their hats off to " Britain's greater political maturity," as revealed on November 30. On the other hand, the Korean war has been, to the Russians, a blatant demonstration of political stupidity on the part of the U.S.A. But now the Russians seem rather concerned at the thought that this stupidity is being cured by the British, who have impressed upon America the necessity of giving Europe priority over the Far East.

For if, to the Russians, MacArthur is a joke, German rearmament is not. If the Atlantic Army were composed of Americans, British, and French, the Russians might be persuaded to regard it as a *bona fide* defence force—if only because Britain and France would exercise their restraint on the Americans. But a West-German army would sooner or later become a real menace if it tried to " unite " Germany, or " liberate " German territories taken over by Czechoslovakia and Poland. The Russian offer to hold a Four-Power conference with a view to preventing the rearmament of Germany is therefore, to all appearances, a move dictated by the genuine fear of seeing the Wehrmacht revived within a short time. The memory of the German army, as the only army in the world that ever marched right across European Russia to the very confines of Asia is perhaps the grimmest of the Soviet people's memories.

The news from Russia to-day suggests that the Soviet authorities are priding themselves on not having lost their heads over American and Western rearmament, and on not having, in any visible way, suspended their huge " peace plans." There is, of course, an important armaments industry in Russia, but there is little evidence yet of a conversion of other industries from peace production to war production. The emphasis in the Russian press to-day is, if anything, on the further expansion of housing, and on better living conditions. The possibility of atom bombs being dropped on Russia is not disregarded, but the three principal lines taken are that, with a growing dispersal of industry and improved anti-aircraft defence, Russia cannot be knocked out by atom bombs ; that she can retaliate both by marching into Western Europe and the Middle East and by dropping her own atom bombs on America ; and, finally, there is the reluctance of Western Europe to become involved in any sort of war. This is taken to mean the ultimate isolation of the United States. The moral factor also counts—since Russia is committed, by her whole propaganda, against being the first to drop atom bombs, America is therefore bound to be the atomic aggressor.

A constantly recurring Russian theme is that, even if atom bombs are dropped on Moscow, it will not " pay " the Americans ; for " the harder you hit the Russian, the angrier he becomes." But ultimately, the most important question is whether Russia will " tolerate " or not " tolerate " the formation of a West-German army. Not the slightest allusion can yet be found in the Russian press or in talks with Russians to the possibility of a " preventative war " being started by Russia in order to forestall the development of a large German army. But the screaming about the aggressive designs of the Atlantic Pact has been so strident, especially since Germany has threatened to become part ot it, that it would take very little to make an invasion of Western Europe acceptable to the Soviet people—and, still more so, to the Red Army. Everything, however, suggests that if the Soviet Government is prepared for a showdown in Western Europe, such a showdown will first take the form of an " internal " German conflict, possibly with the East coming forward as the " unifier " of Germany, before the Western Wehrmacht has time to do so. In the Russian view, Italy and France would hardly be problems ; the biggest headache to the Russians in Europe would be Britain.

In general, both the Soviet Government and the Russian people would much prefer to have no war ; but the real danger is that, with their understandable phobia about Germany, they might think it a matter of life and death to prevent German rearmament. Once this starts, there may be no limit to it, whatever is said at present. *Also, the American " fiasco " in Korea, and Europe's reaction to the atom bomb have perhaps made Russia less war-shy than she was two months ago.*

But Germany, as America's largest land weapon, is in the real centre of Russia's worries, even if the new Wehrmacht does not become a major force for a couple of years. Ultimately, it is for the West to decide which of the two dangers is greater—rearming or not rearming Germany. Judging by the violence of the Russian reaction, the rearmament of Germany—coming on top of all the Western rearmament—seems the greater risk of the two. At any rate, before we do that, we might be well advised to see what Russia is willing to offer if we agree not to take this ominous step.

ALEXANDER WERTH

London Diary

IT still looks doubtful whether the Prime Minister's last minute efforts to persuade the Liaquat Ali Khan to come to the Commonwealth Conference will succeed. The decision not to include Kashmir on the agenda could not be changed, but I gather that Mr. Attlee was able to assure the Pakistan Premier that there would be no bar to very free and full informal talks. If this assurance is not enough for Liaquat, the reason lies in internal developments in Pakistan. The Muslim League shows even more signs of disintegration than the Congress Party and Liaquat is far more at the mercy of public opinion than Nehru, who has so much popular support that he need not bow, in matters of foreign policy at least, to the will of any political party. In Pakistan the Left-wing group connected with the *Pakistan Times* is apparently taking shape as a political entity, and other groups are forming which agree in criticising the Premier as being " pro-Western," especially since he was fêted last year in the United States. From *Dawn*, on the fanatical Right, the Premier is under fire for not being sufficiently tough and narrowly Muslim. He is urged to adopt a more independent foreign policy, and this is increasingly interpreted as meaning that he should defy India, cock a snook at America and Britain and keep on good terms with Communist China, whose spectacular advance has greatly impressed Pakistan circles not wholly confined to the Left. All this does not mean that Pakistan is at all likely to leave the Commonwealth, but it does mean that a hint that it may do so is useful in soothing various groups of Muslim opinion.

* * *

A very dull New Year Honours List? There were exceptions. It was good to see such names as Ninette de Valois, Herbert Wilcox, Joan Cross and Gladys Young. There is something pleasing but ironic about honouring Siegfried Sassoon in 1951; he won his laurels as long ago as the end of the last world war but one. I was delighted to see recognised Mary Field's highly original work in children's films, Maurice Bowra's remarkable scholarship and William Walton's music. Among other careers which have caught the Prime Minister's attention is that of Dr. Selwyn Clarke who, after a distinguished record in Africa, did his best to save life as Medical Officer in Hong Kong until he was captured, tortured and locked up by the Japanese. He retired last year from the Governorship of the Seychelles. But the most interesting name I found in the list is that of Desmond MacCarthy, who has been for years the most distinguished dramatic and literary critic in this country. Desmond MacCarthy contributed to the first issue of the NEW STATESMAN (April 12, 1913) and wrote his famous page under the pseudonym of " Affable Hawk " from

1920-1929. For seven years he was also literary editor of the *N.S.* After that he became dramatic critic of this journal, transferring his literary articles to the *Sunday Times*. No one in the literary world could be so rightly honoured as Desmond MacCarthy, though I would have thought that his great gifts would have been more properly recognised by an O.M.

* * *

The B.B.C.'s New Year's Eve symposium, designed to illustrate the British conception of liberty, was certainly open to criticism. Magna Carta defined the liberties (which amounted to privileges) of the freemen; it did nothing to improve the lot of the serfs. Again Burke was magnificent on freedom as the true bond between British-speaking people, and it is true that the lesson of the American revolution was learnt when it came to conferring a constitution on Canada. But why omit any reference to Burke's views on Ireland, whose history makes a strange commentary on British liberty, and what of the people of India and of British dependencies, who have fought long battles for freedom against the British Empire? I would like myself to construct a liturgy of liberty which would be as British as the B.B.C.'s, but drawn from other strata of society. It would begin, perhaps, with the Peasants' Revolt and take us through the Levellers to Tom Paine, Richard Carlile and the Chartists. The most original B.B.C. extract in favour of parliamentary government was an admirably persuasive and carefully defined statement by E. M. Forster; and it was an ingenious idea to support it with a utilitarian plea by the Catholic G. K. Chesterton, while altogether neglecting the classic case of the utilitarian John Stuart Mill to whom liberty was a religion. All this and much more one could say in criticism. But it would be foolish and wrong to stop there. For the freedom from arbitrary arrest (now known everywhere throughout Europe as the "knock on the door at 3 a.m."), the right to a fair trial and to free speech are, I should say, the most important political achievements of mankind and they owe more to Britain than to any other country. When you come down to it, they are the things, not the right of private property, for which people in this country are prepared to die.

* * *

How tragic it is that Socialists, who for the past century have borne the brunt of the battle for individual freedom, should find themselves faced with a total denial of these freedoms in the country which, above all, claims to have realised Socialism! Particularly strange because there is nothing in Marx or in Marxism which justifies concentration camps or totalitarianism. Many Marxists who have fought all their lives for freedom are put in a tragic dilemma when confronted with facts about Russia. Either they just cannot believe evidence and deny that, say, concentration camps exist, or, if that proves impossible, they say that all who are deprived of liberty in Russia are traitors, saboteurs and the like. Now it is only too true that anti-Communist lies are rife, that much that is bad in Russia is exaggerated, and that spies and Fascist plots have been from time to time unearthed in Communist countries. It is also true that some of the people whose imprisonment has been most publicised in the West have, in fact, adopted an attitude which would lead to their imprisonment in any country. But when all these lines of defence have been stretched to their utmost, there exists, as the present libel trial in France shows, a genuine residue of injustice, cruelty and repression. It may be explained on historic grounds, but that does not release the Western Socialist from the duty of protest. The Rousset libel trial in Paris has raised once again the question of what has happened in the U.S.S.R. to Communists who took refuge there after fighting for freedom in Austria, Germany and Spain. I have known Liberals and Social Democrats who, throughout the war, fought side by side with Communists in resistance movements and loyally served the governments of the Popular Democracies of Eastern Europe after the war. I could give an ugly list of those who have disappeared in one way or another and who by no possible stretch of the imagination could be regarded as traitors or saboteurs. They were just people who put their necks into the noose by maintaining their loyalty, honesty and independence of mind.

* * *

The panel of speakers for next Monday's meeting on the Chinese crisis (Kingsway Hall, 7 p.m.) emphasises the desire of people of all parties to avoid a conflict with China. The platform, under the chairmanship of Lord Stansgate, will include Labour M.P.s, Mr. Bower, Conservative M.P. for Harrow West, and a prominent Liberal. I understand that the organisers of the meeting have been much impressed by demands that they should sponsor similar meetings all over the country, which could strengthen the Government's hand in pressing a British initiative for peace. It is not intended, therefore, that Monday night should see just another meeting. On the contrary, it will be the first of a series, which should offer the chance of action to the many thousands who now feel desperately disturbed and who desire to do something constructive to arrest the drift to war.

* * *

A correspondent supplies me with the following extract from the recently published *Letters of Hensley Henson*, edited by E. F. Braley (p. 248). The date of this letter is June 4, 1946.

> I agree with you in thinking that Don's appointment to Westminster Deanery is a good one. There is only one serious objection to it, and that is equally irremovable and impersonal. He is a Scot, and the Abbey is the very symbol and centre of Englishry! I think that the normal oaths taken by the Dean at his installation ought in this case to include one pledging the Dean neither *per se* nor *per alios* to cause the Stone of Scone to be transferred to Scotland, from which that admirable Englishman, the late King Edward I so properly transferred it to Westminster.

I should like to think that this is a proof of the survival of the Gift of Prophecy among Anglican bishops, but I fear that the Dean's sympathies are wholly with the Sassenachs.

CRITIC

TOO MANY GOOKS

The average cost of keeping an American soldier in uniform for a year is about $7,000, whereas the cost of a Chinese soldier is about $200.—*N.S. & N.*

This, brethren, is no new equation:
"Twas Kipling put it on the file:
"Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*."

What wise West Point arithmetic
Can any safe solution seek?
How can the roadbound columns trick
The footloose mountaineer's technique?

Long ere the hives of China swarmed
Or ere Korea's war began,
We were of this bleak fact informed—
"The odds are on the cheaper man."

GUY INNES

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A detective said J— told him, "I have fired at seagulls, but did not hit them. So I fired at the taxi. You can never tell what's in those taxis. They could have been Sinn Feiners or Russians."—*News Chronicle*. (A. P. Spalding.)

Thousands of starlings from Russia have invaded Birmingham. Mr. Ernald James, bird expert, says he can tell Russian starlings from home birds because they are thinner, more aggressive, and have pink legs.—*Daily Express*. (E. N. Lambert.)

Leicester Council house tenants must not prepare explosives in their homes.—*Leicester Mercury*. (K. H. Morfett.)

The New Yugoslavia

I.—"OURSELVES ALONE"

AT the start of a two months' stay in Yugoslavia we revelled in the blue skies and the unwearied sun—at the end of it we rejoiced when rain and sleet fell for three dreary days without a break. They came in time to save the life of the winter wheat. But no November downpour could make good the ruin of this thirsty summer. Excepting Alpine Slovenia, it is broadly true that from the end of February to the end of October no rain fell, save in occasional local showers. The maize which should stand a good seven feet high on fertile land, was often a bare three feet high. Even in the rich Voivodina, the peasants said that the potato crop was not worth lifting.

Against this background of disaster which compelled the Yugoslavs to ask America for food, they were still persevering with undiminished courage in their schemes for the transformation of their backward country. Their planning passed through three phases. From the victory of their revolution down to their break with the Cominform it was centralised in Belgrade; and aimed, in the Russian style, at prescribing the minutest details. To-day a revolt is in progress against every form of bureaucratic centralisation and Marshal Tito has announced that there will be no second Five Years' Plan. The really creative phase of planning preceded these two periods. The Partisans hammered out their schemes in endless debates in the forests and on the mountain tops, while they held down twenty-

eight divisions of the enemy. Into their ranks they had gathered not merely the spirited lads from the villages, but most of the intellectuals who were physically fit. Their plans reflected the daring of this young men's movement : they never doubted that in a few years of revolutionary effort they could wipe out the arrears of centuries. They planned their campaigns against illiteracy and malaria, sketched out the utilisation of their forests and mines and made their blue-prints for steel mills and blast furnaces.

Some of these audacious plans are all but realised already. The illiterate under the Monarchy numbered 45 per cent. of the population ; save among the aged and the Muslim women they are a negligible figure to-day. Two new Universities have been added to the former three, together with 900 new higher and technical schools, while Belgrade University, which used to have 8,000 students, now has 20,000. There were in the old days never fewer than half-a-million cases of malaria ; there are now in all Yugoslavia only 7,000, and some regions, notably Macedonia, are entirely freed.

The main problem the Yugoslavs had to face was, however, the backwardness of their agriculture. Their industries were negligible, while on the land the work of three men in every four was wasted. One agricultural worker in England or Denmark could produce more than four in Yugoslavia. It was easy for the victors to solve the social aspects of this problem. The poorer peasants were overwhelmed with usurious debts. Some were landless labourers ; some had dwarf holdings and big families ; others were share-croppers who had to surrender half their harvests to the landlord. Debts were wiped out by a stroke of the pen ; the bigger farms were cut down to an acreage which the peasant and his family could till without hired labour ; the share-croppers became owners. The obvious technical remedies—machinery, better breeds of livestock and fertilisers—were easy to prescribe, but hard to obtain. In proportion as these things could be distributed, the village could spare some of its men for industry. And so, with the same imaginative audacity they had shown in facing the Nazis, Tito's young men set to work to turn their assets to account. They had minerals in plenty, iron, copper, lead, zinc, bauxite and unlimited sources of hydro-electric power.

But the more prosperous peasants, for reasons I shall explain in a later article, were discontented and half-hearted. The interplay, moreover, of industry and agriculture was not easy to co-ordinate. The more enterprising of the younger peasants were attracted to the new workshops. Hundreds of thousands of village lads were expected to volunteer for three months' service in the Youth Brigades, which dug the iron ore and brown coal, cut the timber or built the dams for the power projects. Still with few or no machines, the diminished man-power of the village had none the less to feed a rapidly growing urban population. The war, moreover, had wrecked the countryside. One in nine of the population, 1,700,000 persons, were killed, most of them villagers in their best years. Everything on the farm, from the vines to the cattle, had shared in the general ruin ; of the horses, only one in three survived. There were regions, particularly in Croatia, where massacres had been so frequent and the devastation so thorough, that the forest was spreading over fields which the plough had tamed for centuries. Gallantly the struggle went on to regain the old level of food production. Here a marsh was drained ; there a plain was irrigated, while the poorer peasants who gladly entered the co-operative farms increased their output considerably. But in spite of these gains, Marshal Tito had to report last spring that the area under cultivation was still 175,000 acres below the pre-war figure.

The plan could have been realised only with the help of much imported machinery. Some useful machine-tools were obtained from the Ruhr as reparations. Some tractors (and also some tanks and guns) were bought at a high price from Russia, but when the break came, no spare parts could be procured across the blockade. Everyone has heard the story of the hydro-electric plant which the Czechs refused to supply, though the Yugoslavs had paid for much of it in advance. We saw on the spot what this meant. All the necessary construction had been completed for a power station near Bitolia. A deep lake on a high mountain supplied the water : the channel had been dug down its precipitous slope to receive the pipes, and the power-house stood waiting for the turbine, which like the pipes should have arrived two years ago. The social consequences were easy to trace. Elsewhere in Macedonia, which I used to know as far back as 1903, I was startled by the creative work this newly liberated people has achieved since the Revolution. But some of their schemes of development were held up for two years for lack of electricity. I recall one mountain village in particular, which had few acres worth cultivating. But the hereditary craft of its men was carpentry and they had forests all around them. For lack of electricity they could not make a start with the co-operative furniture factory they had planned. And so the men were unemployed and the children visibly under-nourished.

After such experiences as these the Yugoslavs were more determined than ever to carry out their industrial plan as they originally conceived it. Their peasants would have been more contented and could have raised more food, if the stress had been laid on the production of agricultural machinery and consumers' goods. But the Yugoslavs value their independence above all else ; they are determined to escape from their old status as a "colonial" or satellite country ; and so, though it means some years of privation, they have set to work first of all to create a heavy industry. Turbines have priority over shoes and stockings. What this nation of peasants has achieved by sheer force of will, with only a handful of trained technicians to guide them, is as startling as the victory of their Partisans. Inevitably, there has been waste and loss. Peasants have no experience in handling machines, nor are they accustomed to team-work ; they can keep time and move in step—if they are Slavs—when they sing in chorus and dance. But in these five years more than a million peasants have passed their apprenticeship to industry. The great workshops and factories have been built and they have now begun to turn out the tubes and turbines, the generators and transformers, which the Czechs refused to supply. We saw several of these new ventures. Knowing nothing of engineering, I dare not offer a critical opinion of their work. A layman can say, however, that one at least of them, Litostroi at Ljubljana, is a masterpiece of architectural planning. The men, when we talked to them, were proud of the beautiful precision tools they had learned to operate and they were deeply interested in their work. They were succeeding, for the first time in the history of the Balkans, in making the most elaborate electrical and hydraulic machinery. Their dwellings, their canteen, and their theatre expressed the pride of this Revolution in their dignity as workers. Best of all, each of these workshops was giving some hundreds of peasant lads a thorough schooling in engineering, both theoretical and practical.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

Videoland

FOR future social historians of the United States, 1950 will be the Year of Television. It has been a year in which, each month, half a million families have bought a set, bringing the total to about eight million; in which a Senator declared: "We have been building a vast television network while the Soviets have built a vast network of radar"; and in which the advent of colour created a technical crisis for this young and booming industry. *Time*, typically, paid an appropriate tribute by devoting its cover, in two recent weeks, to heroes of the new age—to Hopalong Cassidy, the televised cowboy who is the current idol of America's children, and to Frank Stanton, the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, which has pioneered with colour.

To-day, Britain has two transmitters. The United States has more than one hundred; and, in the larger cities, viewers usually have a choice of from three to six programmes. One American family in three is within range of at least one station, and even the family that does not yet own a set can watch the flickering screen in a bar, restaurant or drug store, or send the children across to a neighbour's house. Here is a new, fascinated and "captive" audience. As commercialised as ordinary broadcasting, American television can already offer such dividends to the advertiser that the Pabst brewing company, for instance, paid two hundred thousand dollars to sponsor the Ezzard Charles-Joe Louis fight, taking its commercials into millions of homes from Atlantic City to the Golden Gate. The attractive programme—a fight, the World Series, a top-level variety show—costs a great deal of money; so it goes out on one of the networks, piped across the continent to at least a score of transmitters, paid for to the tune of forty million dollars a year by tobacco companies, soap and auto manufacturers, liquor pro-

ducers, and similar corporations with great resources and a national market.

It is not surprising that television is expensive, for it has heavy overheads. In the last four years it has sucked in an investment of close on $2,000 millions for development and for transmitting stations, and a similar amount has been invested by the public in receivers. Stations mushroomed so fast that the Federal Communications Commission, which regulates the use of the American airwaves, had to refuse any more transmitting licences until it was ready to release additional high-frequency wave-bands. When these bands are released—and next June was the target date—it will be technically possible for 3,200 stations eventually to operate. Television will have crossed its last frontier, and its devastating social impact will be felt in the most remote rural areas.

Even to-day, it is hard to estimate that social impact, though the consequences are visible everywhere. Television is already cutting into the receipts of baseball clubs, boxing matches and other mass spectacles. Times Square, once packed on election nights, is now almost empty: the crowds stay at home and watch the results charted for them, see the famous commentators and pollsters wrangle over their meaning, and, vicariously, visit in turn the party headquarters. Some cities report a decline of one-third in cinema attendance. The American family is being held back to the home: in the parlour, often furnished with special television chairs, conversation dies of unfair competition, while children and adults together sit bleary-eyed until bedtime.

One social observer said recently: "A giant has come into the homes of our nation which threatens to gobble up the normal trend of family living. Television has become an electric nursemaid that dominates completely the lives of our children." And in one family after another I myself have seen it becoming more and more of a bribe. In one case (I hope it is a rare exception) a mother I know snatched a book away from her young daughter and told her to pay attention to the screen. The Hopalong Cassidy saga, above all, has become a part of modern American folklore. Bill Boyd, the actor who plays the laconic and virtuous cowboy, is to-day cashing in on his popularity to the tune of nearly a million dollars a year. At a time when the movie monarchs were trying to stifle "video" by refusing to release their films for televising, Boyd realised where the future lay, and sold the television rights of the scores of Westerns he had made. His face is now the one that young America knows best: sixty-three stations are televising his films, and the dollars roll in from his radio and comic strip rights, to say nothing of the royalties from the hundred or more manufacturers who now make everything from Hopalong pyjamas to Hopalong bubble-gum. Pity the boy (and even the girl) who lacks the latest model Hopalong pearl-handled pistol.

And pity, too, the child who is "really ashamed to be with the gang—because he doesn't see the television shows they see. . . . How can a little girl describe the bruise deep inside?" These crocodile tears were shed by the television manufacturers who recently spent a fantastic amount on full-page press advertisements which pictured two weeping children asking their selfish parent if he "can deny television to his family any longer." The protests which followed were as understandable as the pitch of the original advertising copy. Social blackmail does sell sets, though many parents have resisted introducing their children to fourth-rate films, wrestling matches and roller-skating contests such as one I saw between two teams of women in which contestants were carried screaming and struggling from the track.

Last autumn, a survey was made of programmes between six and nine in the evening, for one week, transmitted by Los Angeles stations. The survey revealed 91 murders, 7 stage-coach robberies, 10 thefts, 4 burglaries, 2 cases of arson, 2 jailbreaks, 2 suicides, 3 kidnappings and 1 case of blackmail. Cases of assault and battery were too numerous to mention. Much of the action consisted of drunken brawls or took place in saloons. Not one of the stations to whom a copy of this survey was sent offered to discuss or amend its programmes. No wonder that T. S. Eliot, who has just been studying the impact of television upon American children, said that he was shocked and pessimistic.

Adult fare is much the same. A few of the programmes are intelligent. C.B.S., for instance, is planning to present complete operas; and the telecasts of the Security Council debates on Korea, though sensationally presented and highly partisan, at least brought great issues into the American living room. But the man who pays the producer calls the tune. Big commercial interests want to reach the largest market—and that, as always, means programmes aimed at the lowest common denominator. Dr. Overstreet, in his recent best-seller, *The Mature Mind*, has written: "The newspaper has found its vested interest in catastrophe, the radio has found it in mediocrity." Television, on the whole, goes one worse.

At this moment, just as it hit its stride, American television ran into a crisis—colour. Should colour telecasts be held up until the market for black-and-white was close to exhaustion? That, of course, would be the manufacturer's dream: the public would then have to buy new sets or at least invest in converters for the old ones. Seeking to save the public from investing in black-and-white sets that might be outdated, the Federal Communications Commission authorised Columbia to start colour transmissions at the end of last year. Columbia has a mechanical colour system with a spinning disc, not unlike the original Baird system. If it is clumsy and expensive, the colour is more than adequately good. But the C.B.S. method is not, in technical terms, "compatible" with existing receivers, so that its colour telecasts could not be received in black-and-white on old models. The colour system of its great rival, the Radio Corporation of America, is "compatible," though below the C.B.S. quality. So far, R.C.A. has failed to produce a colour tube which gives consistent results.

But R.C.A. enjoys the backing of the bigger producers of sets, and it at once started legal proceedings, now en route for the Supreme Court, to restrain C.B.S. from telecasting in colour. The R.C.A. engineers are convinced that, in the long run, their system will prove superior—and more popular since it does not force viewers to buy expensive converters or write their present sets off as wholly obsolete. R.C.A., therefore, is fighting for time, and fighting with a bitterness which springs from the defeat it received at the hands of C.B.S. in the field of long-playing records. Columbia, the smaller company, seems to have pushed the R.C.A. 45 r.p.m. record out of the way with its 33 r.p.m. disc. And once again, in colour television, it beat the mighty R.C.A. to the tape.

This financial struggle, which may mean many millions of dollars to the victor and vast inconvenience and expense to the wretched viewers, has bedevilled the television market for months now. Rearmament brings another crisis, as producers are forced to take war contracts and restrict the output of sets. But even if American television has to be frozen in its tracks for some time, as seems possible, it is already a gigantic force. We are seeing only the beginning of its influence. A politician who masters its techniques as President Roosevelt mastered radio might well tap new springs of power, for it is already overhauling the press, radio and cinema as a vital part of the American way of life. But can it, under sharply competitive and commercial auspices, change that way of life for the better?

JEANNE MACKENZIE

Recognised Burglars

THOSE who have seen or read *Heartbreak House* will remember that Billy Dunn, when urged to become a locksmith, estimated the capital required for tools at twenty pounds. That was in 1916; it is the sort of point Shaw would get right. But the locksmith of 1950 needs a good hundred pounds for tools before he can set up shop.

Some people imagine that London is full of locksmiths. But this error comes from confusing anyone who can cut a key with the real professional. There is only one locksmith in the large borough where I live, and probably not over thirty in all London. A further subdivision: about half the locksmiths are employed by ironmongers and own only a part of their tools. Those with complete establishments are so few that, without having any association or trade union, all are known personally to one another.

The intending locksmith must serve a seven-year apprenticeship. He begins by polishing keys for 12s. 6d. a week, and is earning only three or four pounds a week at the end of his time. This period of tutelage, broken and lengthened by military service, explains why the trade is failing to draw in enough new aspirants. To a degree, it is a hereditary business. There are several London locksmiths who have inherited a workshop and its secrets from their fathers and grandfathers. Apprentices, by the way, are still known as journeymen.

"What is a locksmith?" our local locksmith asked rhetorically, and answered: "A recognised burglar." The only difference, he added, is that a burglar may damage a door or safe, but

a locksmith may not. In fact, a locksmith spends only the lesser part of his day in cutting fresh keys or doing repairs; most of his time goes in letting people into their houses. The front door is the mainstay of the locksmith's trade. Useful additions are the people who lose the key to a trunk or safe and have put the spare key inside for safety; and the not inconsiderable number who can't get out of the bathroom. The latter are the source of most locksmith's jokes.

If you summon a locksmith to let you into your house, he has no legal right to ask if you are really the householder. He may get suspicious; he certainly will if you offer him a large sum above his normal fee to get you in quickly. Then he is likely to find that he has forgotten a vital tool. That is your cue to make yourself scarce, if (forgive me) you need to.

All qualified locksmiths are registered with the police and carry trade cards. Our local man is on excellent terms with the men on the beat, who nod to him as he goes on his rounds. His face is less familiar to patrols. On one occasion he was stopped by a car: "What have you got in that bag?"

"Skeleton keys, couple of jemmies, file, a few other tools."

"Where have you been?"

"Down the road, doing a job."

"What sort of job?"

"Easy one—through the front door."

"Let's see your identity card."

The locksmith produces his identity card, his trade card, and the order for the job, which had been leased out by a firm of ironmongers.

"Why didn't you say you were a locksmith?"

"Why didn't you ask me?"

A locksmith charges half a guinea for a simple job, a guinea if he is called out at night. For picking a complicated old-fashioned lock, which make take several hours, the charge may be three or four pounds. It's no good trying to bilk. Our locksmith told of a customer who refused to pay when his door was opened; the locksmith slammed it before he could go in and charged the same again for a second job.

The charges may seem high. But locksmiths are as scarce as heart specialists or psychoanalysts, and spend almost as long in getting their training and in subsequently keeping up with new professional techniques. Besides, the locksmith has to repay his investment in tools; buy or make new ones; keep up a shop and workshop; pay one or two journeymen and perhaps a partner who, equally qualified, prefers to be a "bench man" and work at cutting; and maintain a car. This is a necessity, because tools are heavy, because locked-out people are apt to be fuming, and because locksmiths are called out, perhaps at night, to the outer suburbs and beyond.

Locksmiths are always exchanging notes on new types of lock, or on time-saving ways of picking them. They have no journal, but they read the paper put out by the American locksmiths, who have a strong trade union. They don't learn much from it, however.

Locks, as a matter of fact, are not becoming more complex and safer; quite the reverse. Standardisation of manufacture and the demand for small, neat, self-locking types have greatly eased the locksmith's (and the burglar's) path. The heavy, hand-made locks of Victorian days —real works of art—demand infinite ingenuity and patience in the picking. There are, indeed, a very few locks, almost all on old chests, which cannot be picked.

Most burglaries, says our locksmith, happen in broad daylight. He has himself worked for two hours on the front door of a Park Lane house without being interrupted. One trouble, he thinks, is that anybody can go into Woolworth's and have a key cut without any record being kept of it.

But to make your house or flat really burglar-proof, locksmiths agree, is technically impossible. And is it desirable? So long as people go on losing keys at a rate which keeps London locksmiths always on the move, it is only right that the upper hand should remain with the burglar—recognised or unrecognised.

MERVYN JONES

So They Say . . .

AFTER recourse, it may be imagined, to more than the usual allowance of crystal-gazing, pencil-chewing, and backing and filling, Fleet Street produced its prognoses for 1951. *The Times*, embellishing its review of 1950 with the text NOW THRIVE THE ARMOURERS, found the mid-century prospect gloomy indeed:

> The division between opposite climates of thought, more bitterly opposed and apparently irreconcilable than ever were Hellenes and Barbarians, Christianity and Islam, Catholics and Protestants, the French Revolution and the Ancien Regime . . . it is this fissure in the heart of the human race which causes us to debate, and even sometimes to doubt, whether the civilisation which entered with such illimitable prospects upon the twentieth century is capable of survival . . .

Equally depressed, but on a rather more material plane, the *Manchester Guardian* began:

> Few years in our history can have opened more gloomily . . . but there are two guiding principles to sustain us: we must keep our national unity at home; and we must hold fast to the Anglo-American alliance.

The *Observer* agreed with the *Daily Telegraph* that "the essential character of the coming year will be made in Moscow," while the *News Chronicle* thought that India might be the decisive factor in the world struggle between "Communism and Social Democracy," and the *Daily Mail* considered emergent China the key force. The *Sunday Times*, for its part, pinned great hopes on the Commonwealth Conference—and a not very sanguine supposition that "the revolutionary fervour and solidarity of Soviet Russia may be dissipated in feuds, corruption, and unrest."

The rest of the popular daily and Sunday newspapers looked forward to the New Year with unquenchable enterprise. The *Sunday Dispatch*, while continuing the love story of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, not to mention that of THE PASSIONATE POET (Lord Byron), offered £1,000 for the recovery of The Stone. The *News of the World* promised 1,000 guineas to the colliery with the best overtime performance in the coming quarter, and the *Daily Graphic* more modestly offered a ten-guinea prize for nominating the six best news stories of 1950.

The *Daily Express*, advocating "more ownership" (private, naturally: "How would you like to be your own boss in 1951?"), volunteered to weigh up prospects through the medium of two vividly illustrated characters, "Mr. Grim and Mr. Hopeful." The *Sunday Express* launched, two days ahead of the *Daily Herald*, into "The Fantastic Goering, the most intimate personal story ever written about him—and nothing about the war."

Reynold's News addressed various admonitory or congratulatory messages to Stalin, Attlee, and Nehru; the *Daily Herald* warned readers that "the belief [that war is inevitable] is an evil doctrine"; the *Daily Worker* expressed confidence in the British people's determination to defeat "the war maniacs"; the *Sunday Pictorial* threatened Britain with grim but timely tidings of "the biggest power crisis in its history"; and the *Sunday Graphic* announced on its front page "a brilliant new series—HOW TO SLIM SAFELY."

The professional forecasters obviously felt it their plain duty to counter the dark predictions of Old Moore Gubbins in the *Sunday Express*. Lyndoe, in the *People*, assured readers that: "First, Stalin has no intention of attacking us; second, Communism will not flood out the West; and third, few people in Britain . . . are going to be in really dire straits financially." The *Sunday Empire News* astrologer ("who helped the Allies win the war"), also saw the silver lining: BAD DAYS FOR STALIN; NO WORLD WAR; CHURCHILL'S STAR RISING; ATTLEE MAY BE OUT; THE POPE DEFIES REDS; SUCCESS DUE FOR MACARTHUR.

But to newspaper readers still bewitched, bothered, and bewildered, the *People* offered the ultimate in illumination. It invited readers to fill in forms and assist Geoffrey Gorer in:

> The most exciting enterprise of the year—an investigation into the hidden recesses of the minds of English people: THE REAL YOU. . . .

AUTOLYCUS

The House Cow

IF you tipped your head right back and looked up, you saw the two peaks of the Chwiorydd slanting towards the low sky, then suddenly increasing the angle of their slope to pierce the cloud with two sharp points. Lowering the line of sight a little, what you saw was a wide landscape of mountain shoulders and knees: delicately clothed now in little mists, this landscape swept away in a lovely organic structure to the distant ranges of Eryri and the dominating peak of Snowdon.

Bringing the eye-line to the level, shortening the focus to fifteen feet, a loose-bouldered, bracken-covered plot of ground faced you, tipped right up on its edge. At the top of it was a wall, fitted together with ramshackle skill out of round glacial boulders weighing anything from a few pounds to half a ton.

On the top of the wall, an old man sat as though he grew there. The first of his three overcoats was spread over his seat on the wet stones. The second fell back from his shoulders. The third was buttoned tightly about him. Round his throat was tied a strip of red flannel. His face was very white and sunken: his big spiny eyebrows almost concealed his eyes, and the mountain mists had bejewelled the uncertain length of his moustaches.

The stream rattled unseen in the ravine below. Waterlogged sheep complained throatily to each other. A faint breath of wind brought with it a wispy smell of uncleansed stable. As the breath died, the mist crept higher—first boiling silently around the old man's boots, it then lapped him (like Canute) to the knees: then finally closed over his head. The ash tree accumulated drops of water till it was full, and suddenly flung them all to the ground in one

splash. Sounds grew strangely muffled and placeless.

The sick man on the wall drank in all this wetness greedily. It was his daily habit to climb from the farmhouse below, like this, laboriously with two sticks up to the lane and the little group of farm buildings on the hillside. He would sit there on this wall for hours together, smoking his pipe and hoping that someone would come by. Someone with whom he could share a Joke . . . For Will was a known connoisseur of jokes.

After all, when a man is lonely, and old, and dying into the bargain, what else has he got to think about?

On the far side of the trackway stood two or three stone sheds with roofs of tin, a ruined stone pigsty and a deserted cottage. Once they had formed a tiny independent farm but this had gone derelict years ago and Will had rented the land and farm buildings to join with his own holding. Yet now two Englishwomen had walked into the little deserted cottage with a key, and were setting to work to strip the inside of it to its bare bones of stone and oak!

His cottage! This surely was no joke! He had rented the farm buildings: surely that included the cottage too? What right, then, had the Squire to go and let it over his head? And to two Englishwomen with short hair!

He could see them now through the open door. They were working in the iridescent halo of a candle, for the day was dark and the little window totally overgrown with periwinkle. They were tearing down old wet wall-paper, sacking, rags of cheesecloth—all the successive coverings with which earlier dwellers had decently clothed the walls and beams.

In one corner of the kitchen lay a small heap of potatoes—Will's potatoes. In another corner had once been rigged a temporary stall for a calf—empty now, as a matter of fact, for the little beast had been sold. That was the full extent to which Will had ever made use of the little hovel. But his Rights! That was another matter.

True, his lease made no mention of the dwelling-house, in or out. But then, was this a dwelling-house at all? Human beings used once to live in Votty Goch, but the latest inhabitant undoubtedly had been Will's calf: and where calves live is a cow-house: and a cow-house is a farm building—and Will was tenant of the farm buildings, no one could question that.

The old man painfully lowered himself from the wall so as to meet the two women as they went to their teas in the valley. He was not very strong on English—a language for which Welsh hill farmers had little occasion then, twenty-five years ago.

"Good day," said the women, in condescending voices.

"Good day," said Will—with a lack of condescension that was regal. Then he flung out his arm dramatically towards the cottage:

"She—my—house-cow!"

But the women only giggled rudely as they stamped away into the mist. "What a curious pet to keep!" Hilda was saying to Mary: "What on earth did the old man mean?"

The blundering of their inexperienced feet died away; but Will still stood there, the light of battle in his eyes. He could, of course, make allowances—no one expects civilised manners of the English. But his battle was not really with them—two stupid women. No: what excited him was that he saw here the chance of a battle-royal with the Squire, Ieuan Wynne-Roberts: something to be remembered in the countryside: something (and this was paramount) to relieve the appalling boredom of his own interminable dying. There should be an Argument!

The news of Will Evans's approaching visit to the Plas spread like a telegram. Spectators came from all round as to an Eisteddfod. For it would indeed be an Eisteddfod, of a kind: or rather, a flyting, a contest between two men of outstanding wit and character, such as used to be staged sometimes between noted bards in the old princely days.

Will dressed in his Sunday black (and his three overcoats), and had himself hoisted by his sons on to the broad back of the carthorse Polly. As the procession wound down to the valley it was joined by fresh members of the Evans faction wherever a farm lane debouched on the public road. First, Jane Evans and Mary Roberts, his two cuckoo aunts from Ogof. Then his cousins, the Pritchardses of Wern; and his wife's cousins, the Ellises of Arno. All these, too, were dressed in their stiffest funeral black, as befitted an occasion which promised outstanding enjoyment to all concerned.

The Evans cortege, grown to military size, Polly plodding in the van, arrived at last at the Plas and wound up the drive between the sickle-shaped beds of begonias, under the four monkey-puzzle trees of unequal heights. There they met for the first time the Wynne-Roberts faction, drawn up some fifty strong under bowler hats and bonnets on the lawn. Each side had prepared a quiverful of witticisms for the encounter, and for a few minutes these flew freely; but this was mere small-stuff, preliminaries: throughout it Will, majestic in his three overcoats, silent on his elephantine horse, held his fire.

Ieuan Wynne-Roberts, peeping past his nose through the dining-room curtains, saw at once the advantage that the horse gave to Will. Height is worth more than logic in an *Argument*. So he slipped upstairs and threw open a first-floor sash-window—thus greeting his tenant affectionately from an even greater height. At that the spectators gathered round in a tense and expectant horseshoe.

Clearing his throat like a trumpet-call, Will silenced the excited murmur of the crowd. Then he opened his case. He had thought Mr. Wynne-Roberts ought to be made aware—if the news had not reached him—that there were two German spies hiding in his, Will's, house-cow.

Visions of a kind of Trojan horse with horns flickered in the imagination: and even so practised a Welsh landlord as Wynne-Roberts was a bit taken aback. Temporising, he said that, if that was so, it would be dealt with: but would Will describe his spies?

They were disguised as women, Will Evans explained, but their hair had only grown five or six inches.

"Do you mean Miss Lawson and Miss Berry?" asked Wynne-Roberts from his window.

Will was guarded. He had no idea what their names might be. He had not been formally introduced.

"I know they are living there, of course," said Wynne-Roberts: "but they're not German spies."

This was precisely the tactical position for which Will had been manoeuvring. He was ready to waive their nationality, he said—but Mr. Wynne-Roberts admitted they were living in his house-cow: that was what he objected to.

First round to Will! Some of the Evans faction were already beginning openly to grin, and Wynne-Roberts felt annoyed with himself for falling so clumsily and incautiously into the trap—though indeed it had been neatly set.

"They are living in Votty Goch cottage," he said, "not your cow-house."

Evans apologised for contradicting him and explained carefully all the many reasons which proved the building to be a cow-house and proved it to be his.

"Well, well," said Wynne-Roberts, rubbing his big nose between the palms of his hands: "surely it's a very bad place to keep cows, isn't it? Damp, and so on? Door rather narrow? Not like a proper new cow-house with a roof that doesn't leak and somewhere to keep the hay handy?"

Will had had little idea of any profit to be got of the interview, apart from the pleasure of argument itself—but this turn of the conversation looked promising.

"Why yes!" he said: "Very bad place indeed! Good enough for English ladies, of course, but not really healthy for cows."

"I wonder," said Wynne-Roberts, with his benevolent smile, "what you would consider a fair rent to pay me for a really nice dry comfortable cow-house?"

Was this miraculous landlord going to resolve matters by building him a new cow-house?

"Well," said Will, "a fine new cow-house—concrete floor all proper—say fifteen shillings a year, perhaps?"

Fifteen shillings only! Like the wind soughing in the branches was the sound of indrawn breaths among the begonias. But:

"Fifteen shillings?" said Wynne-Roberts cheerfully: "Are you sure it would really be worth as much to you as that, man?"

Will checked a gasp. Well, a small cow-house—and really there wasn't need for anything very large—perhaps ten shillings would be nearer the figure.

"Fair enough!" said Wynne-Roberts: "What do you all think?"

The mystified sons and cousins and aunts all agreed. But what had taken the Squire? Never had he built a building for a tenant at such a rent: he would charge that much for an old shed with the roof off!

"Good!" said Wynne-Roberts, rubbing his hands: "You say that for a good sanitary, solidly-built cow-house, you would pay me ten shillings a year?"

"Yes, yes!" from the round-eyed crowd.

"Then in compensation for the damp, dark, leaky little cow-house you are losing, I will allow you the whole of that sum by way of deduction from your rent—the whole ten shillings, Will, just as if she was tip-top!"

At that a shout of delighted laughter went up from the crowd. How he had led them on! How he had made their mouths water with his talk of cow-houses dirt cheap till every one of them had wished himself in Will's shoes! And then to twist it round like that, neater than any chaired bard! Old Will was caught proper!

Old Will was caught proper, and old Will knew it. But he didn't seem to mind, that magnanimous old man. What a trick! What a joke! What a thumping good joke! Heaving himself up as high as he could out of the saddle, Will reached up and warmly shook his landlord's hand in both of his.

"A pleasure!" he wheezed: "Mr. Wynne-Roberts dear, it's been a pleasure."

RICHARD HUGHES

THE COLD CRACK

The wage-freeze cracks and the claims come in,
Some are pigeonholed, some are chosen,
Little by little the workers win—
Many are cold but none are frozen.

The Arts and Entertainment

A GOOD YEAR

It is aptly descriptive of 1950 in the theatre that its resounding January success should have been a translation of a play by Anouilh (*Ring Round the Moon*) and that its latest December offering, the translation of yet another of his plays (*Point of Departure*) should look like being the last success of the year. For M. Anouilh, whatever else one may say about him, is pre-eminently a fantasist. And it is towards a Theatre of Fantasy that our drama seems to be steadily and happily moving. The champions of poetry in the theatre may hail the year as a victory for their own cause; for have not two of the popular successes been Mr. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* and Mr. Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed*? Yet this claim is, I believe, too narrow. What we have witnessed this year has not been a revival of interest in verse as such—the non-dramatic poets know that—nor a rebirth of the belief that verse is the most effective dramatic language. What we have seen is the development in the theatre-going public of a new hunger for the fantastic and the romantic, for the expanded vision and the stretched imagination, in short for the larger-than-life. This is easily explainable as a natural reaction from the sense of contraction which pervades the lives at least of the middle classes; and it is still the middle classes who make up the bulk of the theatre-going public. If they are finding they can afford to do less and less, it at least costs no more to please the fantasy with extravangancies than to discipline it with dry slices of real life. Verse is one kind of extravagance that the Theatre of Fantasy can indulge in: fairy tale of M. Anouilh's theatrical kind, is another.

M. Anouilh is, I should judge, somewhat less highly regarded in Paris than he is here at the moment. Indeed, I have heard him witheringly described as the French James Barrie. The proper answer to that is that he certainly shares with Barrie a quite supreme sense of "theatre": they are both technical masters. Yet the charge of sentimentality does lie. Anouilh's stage directions are nothing like so intolerable as Barrie's: but they are revealing. And there is a false romanticism, an over-simplicity in the face of the large issues he raises (about death in *Point of Departure* and poverty in *Ring Round the Moon*) which comes out in irritatingly facile tricks of speech. But this granted and discounted, we can still enjoy—indeed we can hardly fail to—a talent that so effectively communicates in the theatre its delight in the diversities of the human creature, and illuminates with brilliant flashes the turns and twists of the human predicament.

Strictly, however, it was not M. Anouilh but Mr. Christopher Fry who laid the first claim upon the year with *Venus Observed*, which had been commissioned by Sir Laurence Olivier to open his management of the St. James's Theatre. The new play showed no diminution in the author's immensely refreshing verbal fertility, and it enchanted packed audiences no less successfully than *The Lady's Not for Burning* had done. Personally I felt some disappointment that it showed—so I thought—no advance in the author's powers of construction and narrative. But I do not understand at all those who also deny him his virtues as a poet. These are obvious and undeniable and were able for most people to carry the evening on their own. Such a plenitude of exuberance, wit and invention had not been heard in the theatre (except from the Irish) for many years.

Mr. Eliot's *The Cocktail Party* had already been seen in Edinburgh in 1949, in the provinces and in New York before London saw it in May. Its success was certainly not dependent, like Mr. Fry's, upon its verse. For the somewhat ascetic line which Mr. Eliot employed in it was itself deliberately muted in the production. At first glance indeed it is not exactly easy to suggest the reason for its appeal, since its climate of exacting Christianity is not, one would have said, particularly sympathetic to present-day theatre-goers. The secret lies, I believe, somewhere around that other ability of the poet—the ability to evoke over and behind the most everyday objects, events, persons, the aura of another dimension. Here Mr. Eliot successfully applied this power to a conventional middle-class setting and successfully evoked (though whether he worked it out with such complete success is arguable) the other world behind their world.

However we may judge these two plays in the years to come, at least we may regard a year in which such distinguished plays were produced and enormously attended as a more than usually remarkable year in the theatre. And their success is only the beginning. They have by the mere fact of their box-office success opened the doors of the so-called commercial theatre wider than ever. Whatever truth there may have been in the pre-war complaint that new writers and serious writers had little chance of getting their work on to the stage, it cannot be sustained about the post-war theatre. Has a writer of talent ever before had so good a chance of getting his work accepted as to-day? And because of these two plays it will be less difficult this year than it was last.

Venus Observed was only the first of the bold cards Sir Laurence Olivier played in his managership of the St. James's. His second play was *Captain Carvallo*, an intellectual comedy by a young actor, Mr. Denis Cannan, who had had one play produced previously at Malvern. And this experiment, too, although by no means built on the tried success pattern, was very much to the taste of the public; besides being wittily written, it provided excellent acting parts which were admirably taken by the cast. This success launched, Sir Laurence proceeded to transfer it and put into his theatre a still bigger risk, Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's expressionist play *Top of the Ladder*, beautifully produced by the author. That our leading actor should provide such a bold example of management in the centre of London is a second reason for finding 1950 a remarkable year in the theatre.

But everywhere we look (I shall make two exceptions) the omens have been bright. Stratford maintained, or even surpassed the high standard it has set itself. It provided in *Measure for Measure* a quite outstanding Shakespearian production. Mr. Peter Brook was responsible for it; and whatever laurels he lost elsewhere, in the theatre with this *Measure for Measure* on top of *Ring Round the Moon* and the engaging French trifle *The Little Hut*, he has established himself as a producer of solid achievement, not merely of dazzling promise. The second Stratford great occasion was Mr. Gielgud's giant Lear, the great acting experience of the year. Close behind it, in London, for the Old Vic, there was Mr. Redgrave's superbly spoken Hamlet. Yet another acting performance of the highest class was Mr. Eric Portman's subtle, exciting portrait of an ex-trade union leader in Dorothy and Campbell Christie's *His Excellency*. It is rare for a political play to be human and dramatic as well; this one, solidly constructed in the Galsworthy tradition, was both. There have been many other memorable events, but to mention them all would be to degenerate into a catalogue. I must finish with the two exceptions to the general prevailing rosiness. First, unemployment in the acting profession is appallingly high. Second, the Little Theatre movement (as opposed to the little try-out theatre movement) is in a rather low water. The Mercury keeps going. The Watergate pursues its erratic path, and Mr. Peter Cotes is attempting to revive the Boltons. But at least the Arts Theatre under Mr. Fernald pursues its excellent ideals. I remember with great pleasure from last year its productions of *Ivanov*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Heartbreak House*.

T. C. Worsley

THE COMFORTS OF BAD TASTE

Driving on a dim Netherlands Sunday towards the Kroller-Müller collection in the Dutch National Park we played, a sculptor, a critic and an art historian, the game of "Who are your ten greatest artists?" Two of us, after a choice including Masaccio, Bellini, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude, Poussin, Tintoretto, Michelangelo, Giotto, cautiously inched an Englishman into the tenth place; and the Englishman was Turner. The game of "Who are the artists you think have a false reputation for greatness?" turns out to be more difficult. We could only agree upon Franz Hals. But we could agree, driving away through the sand and the pines, that even the best of Continental galleries contain their rubbish. It is a little comforting to the English as they go around galleries in France, in Switzerland, in the Low Countries. We may let Turner into the tenth place; but we are never sure of ourselves. We find hardly an English picture in the galleries. We sneakingly think that the foreigner may always be right, that his taste will always be better than our own.

Going up the steps in the Stedelijk Museum at Amsterdam you can set one of Calder's mobiles moving and tinkling. You can walk into a room of the finest early drawings by Picasso, and then through dullnesses of Dutch nineteenth-century landscape (why not a Turner among these decent sparrows?) into a room with one of the noblest of still-life paintings by Cézanne and a few of the most vulgar and awkward paintings of impressionism, which happen to be by Monet. Or you can walk another way past the viridian and pinks of James Ensor to wince away from Expressionists and the next-of-kin of the trolls and the Black Forest. Chauvinism or not, an Englishman may be grateful for the Mediterranean effect upon the art of his own baser countrymen when he confronts a tarty nude by van Dongen or pink girls in a bath by Jan Sluyters or slap-and-savagery by Beckmann. In the galleries of the Netherlands, for instance in the Boymans at Rotterdam or at the Kroller-Müller, there are troll paintings which shout a guttural peculiarity from large glossy surfaces. Let anonymity conceal the artist. No one who combines the tender and the tough in his sensibilities can slip past them without feeling raped and quartered—and comforted that other countries have their artists who are not for export. These immense pictures are akin to Grant Wood or Stanley Spencer. They belong to the same wind through the world. First, though, you must extract all the tenderness of which Spencer may be capable. You must then inflate his village figures with a foot pump and exaggerate them into strong-armed proletarians ready to walk from the blast furnace into the ministerial offices of a Communist government on the other side of the Iron Curtain. These pictures ought to hang among curtains of iron.

The Kroller-Müller, which shows the parallel development of French and Dutch art, gives the most remarkable contrasts. Those portraits of prolet ministers scowl across at the innocence of a refrigerated abstract by Piet Mondrian. Mondrian's decency looks towards an organisation of small rectangles and spots of colour. Glance again. The rectangles and spots resolve themselves into a girl's face from the cover of a fashion magazine. Move along, and the vegetable warmth of a large Sisley looks outwards to a room of saccharine-and-vanishing-cream canvases; then go back to the van Goghs for the refreshments of sanity.

Or Switzerland. Are we ridiculous if (like Delacroix) we find a charm in the violet and green of the Pre-Raphaelites and do not genuflect to Hodler and Böcklin? Where do you find English counterparts to the mythological vulgarity and green linoleum of Böcklin's tritons or the posturing vulgarity of Hodler's *La Nuit* in the Musée des Beaux-Arts at Berne? Only in one place, in the grey cellars of the Tate in which Dr. John Rothenstein guards the purchases under the Chantrey Bequest.

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In Holland the Englishman, wise after the exposure, may sneak some comfort out of the matter of Vermeer and van Meegeren (and it was, so one is told, the director of an English gallery who examined the Vermeer-van-Meegeren of *Christ and the Disciples at Emmaus* and exclaimed, to start things off, "What damned impudence!"). He may look at Vermeer in the Rijksmuseum and the Mauritshuis and then at the record of expert opinion demoniacally preserved in Mr. van Dantzig's *Johannes Vermeer, De Emmausgangers en de Critici*. But meeting continental art historians and gallery directors I remark with surprise how much more normally human they incline to be than our varieties of the kind. They do not retreat. They are not uncertain. They can direct a gallery in Zürich, in Basle, in Rotterdam or The Hague as naturally as an Englishman directs the trains at Paddington or Euston. Hodler? Böcklin? Sluyters? Mrs. Toorup? Van Dongen? Of course. But Calder on the stairs, Picasso, Mondrian, Klee, Holbein, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Van Eyck, Liotard, Cézanne, Renoir. We have them all. Why not? This is an art gallery.

And in these galleries you expect pictures as you expect trains at Paddington, which are not all of them linked to "The Rocket." I dare say they would accept a Constable, a Moore, even a Turner.

An exaggeration? Perhaps just a little. But not quite so many people across the Channel are jealous about being right, are anxious about their own taste, are always asking themselves what it is all about, are still thinking they must shake their umbrellas or wag their after-dinner tongues at that elderly artist Picasso.

So much, I regret, we have to admit, still.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

RADIO NOTES

NOT being a commercial concern, the B.B.C. does not need to begin plugging Christmas until about ten days before December 25. By now, it has devised its own ritual of celebration. We edge in, as it were, light-heartedly; this year with Mr. Francis Dillon's *The Twelve Dancing Princesses*. And how deftly and gaily it danced along, this radio version of the Grimm fairy story: Mr. Dillon, especially when aided by Mr. Collinson's music, is still the master of radio as a medium, and to technical mastery he adds what must be the rarest thing in writing for broadcasting, a personal style. But *The Twelve Dancing Princesses* was only the carrot to lure us to sterner things. After the Brothers Grimm comes the nativity play. For obvious reasons, the writing of a nativity play generally brings out the worst in modern writers, and it is plain from his article in the *Radio Times* that Mr. James Forsyth, the author of *Emmanuel*, was uncomfortably aware of this. It must be admitted that one switched on impelled by a sense of duty rather than by any expectation of delight, anticipating Mummerset, *simplesse*, in Arnold's use of the word, and those embarrassing imitations of the horse-play and clowning of the Mystery plays by which so many modern writers attempt to prove that they are capable of simple piety. And one was quite wrong. Judged as a play, *Emmanuel* seems to me the best thing that Mr. Forsyth has written, or at any rate has broadcast. It had the freshness, the immediacy, that must be the most difficult quality to get in the telling of any familiar story, and, as a story, it was urgently exciting; all this without, it seemed to me, any sacrifice of magic or reverence. This *tour-de-force*, for that was what it was, was admirably acted and produced.

And so to a *Christmas Carol* and *Christmas in Europe*. The radio version of Dickens's anti-Malthusian tract was a splendid half-hour of gusto, with Mr. Alec Guinness as a Scrooge who ran the whole gamut from exacerbated miserliness to a positive sweat of benevolence. *Christmas in Europe* was the kind of programme the B.B.C. always does well, a mosaic of recordings of Christmas music throughout Europe, or of that part of it this side of the Iron Curtain. Incidentally, Yugoslavia, having had the Curtain lifted above it, is now once again a Christian country! This programme was also notable for the beautiful reading of the scriptures and of Mr. Terence Tiller's verse commentary by Miss Balcon, Mr. Aylmer and Mr. Wheatley.

All this was to lead to the grand event of the B.B.C.'s year, what used to be called the world hook-up, with its culmination in The King's Christmas Message. Was *Christmas Journey* better or worse than the comparable programmes of other years? It is really impossible to say. As ever, one was impressed by the sheer technical brilliance; as ever, one was aware of weak spots: And of course one was moved, by many things, but mainly, I think, by the sense that one was hearing the celebration of a myth in which one was oneself a participant almost willy-nilly. Doubtless, someone is already at work on an analysis of this myth, which is as new as broadcasting and, indeed, its child.

To most listeners, I fancy, *Lucky Peter's Travels*, the Third's main contribution to our Christmas, revealed a new aspect of Strindberg, the Strindberg who was a writer of fairy tales. A very delightful fairy tale this morality play proved to be, full of charming and ingenious invention, Grimm-like and Gothic. As a production, it seemed to me sometimes too slow and sometimes overridden by the incidental music, but there were many memorable moments in it, the gathering of the rats, for example, and the scene in the church at the end. The play was translated by the producer, Mr. Peter Watts, to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for his constant efforts to give us the less familiar Strindberg on the Third. One day I hope to hear a production by him of *The Road to Damascus*.

Of the non-Christmas programmes, the most powerful and arresting was the production, in the Third, of M. Gabriel Marcel's play for broadcasting, *The End of Things*. I do not think I have heard a more adroit piece of radio-craft, to coin a phrase analogous to stage-craft: it depended entirely upon the spoken word, on dialogue. It seemed to me to belong much more to its medium than that other play of M. Marcel's that we heard recently, *Ariadne*, belonged to the theatre. In content, of course, it resembled that play. "There are many ways to desert," says one of the characters, "and those that flatter our aspirations are not the least harmful." *The End of Things* was a thoroughly relentless exposure of the aspirations that flattered its heroine's self-esteem. One does not have to be either a Catholic or an Existentialist to find M. Marcel a most invigorating writer.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"The Undefeated," at the Leicester Square

Empty programmes, as well as the season, encourage a backward glance. I took mine from a bus window, only just in time to glimpse the fog-coloured stucco, the lurid poster, the notice-board of stills. So it's still there!

"Kyneema," my grandfather had said. We knew it, along a shopping parade, as the most propitious of alcoves. In its middle, like an ice-cream cone, was the pay-box, and on either side rose staircases surmounted by masks of tragedy and comedy (or Before and After, as to us it appeared). We collected there at a few minutes to two. Inside, we crunched acid drops. The pianist, tired already, arrived with a cigarette. Down lights, and the projector starts off at a freewheel. "The sights you, heart, saw, ways you went"! Engine-buffer trips through the Rockies, Felix the Cat, cowboy and Indian, bikes sailing riderless through china shops, serials in which till next week women will hang by the hair over canyons, the Delhi Durbar, drama with Nazimova and comedy with John Bunny, flour battles, bedroom aquatics, seaside harlequinades, and the six- or eight-reeler *Cabiria* or *She* or *Quo Vadis* or *Hamlet*—deeds, even here, not words. Oh William S. Hart! Oh Ruth Roland, June Caprice! Oh rare Ben Turpin! (Speak, speak to us, only with thine eyes.) Most of all, to the jog-trot variety of the piano, we relished our comics, and among comics, first, last, and always, the one Charlie. Week after week (so it seems in memory), at the bank or the rink, on wires, out of a swing door, he would whistle in, blow kisses, drop plates, slide down stairs, raise the hat to Fate, and quick-shuffle away round a corner, the artfullest David of a flitabout, rainy, bum-bashable world—our own world peopled with caricatures of Goliath . . .

I think we may have been lucky to come in when the cinema was still in its boyhood. The British Film Institute continues, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, to instruct its audiences in the Foundations of Drama, Comedy, and Fantasy; but that is hardly the same thing.

The only film of note this week—and an excellent one, too—is *The Undefeated*. It deals with the ex-Service cripple; but there's no clash with *The Men*, because approaches have been so different. This one is cool, energetic,

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sensitive, in the traditional documentary manner: Hollywood could no more have made *The Undefeated* than we could have made *The Men*. Restraint has, here at least, its victories. Our introduction to the legless airman (Gerald Pearson) takes place not when his glider was shot down, but in the morning crowds coming away from a London terminus. Some of them enjoy a race to outstrip themselves, others waddle or slouch, or respond to the bright mechanisms that in a few years will slow down: they are all walking. Arrivals at doorsteps and offices; then, from the back, the crab-like action of a man with sticks down a corridor. The film takes us through hospitals, training centres, and the Ministry of Pensions, giving, by the way, glimpses of disablement and its treatment in general; we get to know one man's struggle acutely from the outside, and an accumulating skill of the script brings him in the end far closer than we expect. The only flaw seemed to me that he should have to wait so long before any serious attempt was made to restore his voice, (lost through shock); though whether this is the script-writer's fault, or the Ministry of Pension's, I shouldn't like to say. Good, unobtrusive direction of Paul Dickson. Everyone on and off the screen seems to be contributing his best; the hall-mark, I take it, of a successful C.O.I. job.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE STANE OF SCONE

The Bruce is cam till Scone again
And speirs amang the stanes:
O quhar will I get a bonnie mon
Will bring peace to my banes?

O quhar will I get twa wighty feres
That will to London gang
And fetch the stane fra Westminster
That bides there a' too lang?

Up and spak a braw body
(We ken na' quha nor quhen):
I'll bring ilk stane to rest your banes,
Mak haste, my mirry men;

Drink up, drink up the usquebaugh,
Do on your kilts and schoone,
The stane that bides at Westminster
Must be at Scone eftsoon.

Noo they are up and owre the Tweed,
Past the Earl Percy's Keep,
And they are cam till Westminster
And find the Dean asleep;

And they luke in at Scotland Yaird
To speir quhat Scots be there,
And they hae askit quhar's the stane
And cops hae telt them quhar.

Nae stane bides in the Abbey mair,
This noo the feres hae taen,
They ride fu' fast as they can drie
Bent owre wi' sich a stane.

The Dean makes mane in London toune,
He drinks nae blude-red wine,
The teirs that fa' they blind his ee
As they hae blindit mine.

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me?
And quha will cam till Westminster
Wi'out this stane to see?

Now busk, ye gowks, and seek yon stane
Fu' fadoms deip and a';
Braidcasting Hoose may drie yts weird
But let nae japes doon fa';

And mickle I reck of auld Stalin,
He isna worth a stane;
This Ynglond canna rest, MacArthur,
Till yt be found again.

REGINALD MACREYNOLDS

Correspondence

THE DRIFT TO WAR

SIR,—Whilst you have done more, undoubtedly, than any other British journal to maintain a high standard of objective comment and thus reveal the existence of a strong anti-militarist feeling in this country, you are not entirely blameless. In proof of this vide the letter written by Mr. Pitman, who, I take it, is a regular reader and yet believes that there is too much apathy in Great Britain to enable sections of the people to save Britain from herself.

Nearer to the truth, of course, is the fact that nobody will give any real publicity to peace (as opposed to "peace") organisations or dare to reveal their true stature. Whether this is because in many minds there is something obscene about the idea of young men who do not wish to go to war, or whether fear of reprisals at some future date is the cause, it is hard to say. If the former, then God help us all, for we are past helping ourselves, and if the latter, then what in Heaven's name are we arming to defend ourselves against? I am assuming that it goes without saying that before you can ask a man to lay down his life for "freedom and democracy" those ideals have to be translatable into terms of everyday life.

A group of young men, earnest and sincere (and utterly non-partisan) has for almost a year been trying to gain an audience for its points of view, which are that the situation is not analogous to pre-1939, that the effort to maintain peace is not one hundred per cent, that simply by volunteering to fight Hitler one should not be said to have obligated himself for ever and a day thereafter for service in the armed forces no matter who or what the enemy. And to claim for ex-Servicemen and women the same rights to conscientious/political objection, as are enjoyed by other citizens who have never served, to protest against the whole concept of so-called "Z" Class Reserve; and against the rearming of Germany. This is not apathy. Yet, even couched in the mildest terms, not one news organ of importance has so far deigned to notice our correspondence. Is this apathy? One hopes it is nothing worse!

Only the Communists have a vested interest in preventing rearmament, we are told, because Communism is what we are fighting against. What, though, of the feelings of the people who, concerning Korea at least, do not have much faith in what we are fighting *for*? If, we say, our Government can order us to fight against a radical gang of aggressors (many of us felt that proof of aggression was wanting, but took the U.N. observers' word for it) on behalf of a reactionary gang of would-be aggressors, then the old adage that ours is not to reason why will have to be somewhat altered (it was most undemocratic anyway!).

The Socialist Government has worked to secure education for a broader section of the community, and by boldly facing up to the consequences of this—widespread habits of thoughtfulness and responsibility—it will find a happier solution to our problems than violence, which never has paid dividends except to the devil. In assuming apathy in the people to-day, politicians, and anyone else, would be wrong, as they have so often been before.

FRANK SKELTON

DIVIDENDS AND INFLATION

SIR,—The *Economist* reported on November 25 that the dividends of 586 companies reporting in the third quarter of the year increased from £29.1 million to £30.4 million, while over the last twelve months the dividends of 2,752 companies have increased from £131.3 million to £133.4 million.

That is to say dividends have increased by £1.3 million in the past three months, but only by £0.8 million in the previous nine months. That is to say dividend increases per company reporting have been nearly six times as great during the last three months as they were in the previous nine months. As the *Economist* says, the trend is perceptible. In other words the policy of voluntary dividend limitation is breaking down. More and more companies are, in fact, paying higher dividends.

At the same time the inflationary pressure resulting from rearmament makes dividend limitation more important than ever. The F.B.I. says: "A general increase in the aggregate of profits distributed on anything more than a moderate scale would, as with wages, add to inflationary pressures which are in any event likely to be strong."

As voluntary dividend limitation is breaking down it would seem apparent, in spite of the views of the F.B.I., that the Government's stabilisation policy should be strengthened by the introduction of legislation on profits. Sir Stafford Cripps said many times that he would have to introduce such legislation if voluntary limitation broke down—as it is breaking down. Moreover both the T.U.C. and the Labour Party are now committed to producing a policy for the control of profits.

Such legislation would undoubtedly reduce pressure for wage increases since the workers would know that surpluses accumulated within industry would no longer belong exclusively to the shareholders. Under voluntary limitation, on the other hand, they know that such surpluses will sooner or later go to the shareholders; there is merely a delay in distribution.

The legislation required need not be very complicated. All that is necessary is that company directors should be prohibited from raising their dividends except with Treasury permission. Higher dividends could then be allowed only where such increases appeared to be justified and it would, in a few years, be possible to arrive at a dividend pattern in which most companies paid a reasonable return on their capital, proportionate, of course, to risks involved.

It would then be possible to contemplate introducing permanent legislation. The framing of such legislation would be much simpler after profits had been controlled for a few years than on the arbitrary basis of 1947 levels. After all, if the Labour Party wants to "end the profit system" and "secure for workers by hand and brain the full fruits of their labours," it will have to introduce some kind of legislation on profits some day. The obvious thing to do seems to be to incorporate the co-operative principle of a limited return on capital in company law since most Socialists appear to believe that industries not suitable for nationalisation should, ultimately, be "mutualised" or organised on a co-operative basis.

Cold Ash, Newbury, Berks. PAUL DERRICK

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF SCIENCE

SIR,—I would like to draw your readers' attention to one progressive force in American opinion with which some of them may like to associate themselves. In 1949 a number of American scientists founded the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, to resist the increasing military and political encroachments upon human knowledge and to assert the personal ethical responsibility of research workers for the projects they undertake. The Society does not draw a specific line between ethical and unethical activities, but the qualification for membership is the recognition that somewhere such a line must be drawn. Its stated aims are to foster a coherent tradition of personal responsibility in science, to encourage individual abstention from destructive and anti-social projects, and to educate the public and its own colleagues. Its activities include an employment service for workers who resign from war projects on conscientious grounds and a large-scale educational programme. Although its sponsors now include eminent men, Einstein among them, it receives no publicity in the American press.

The Society invites overseas members and associates. By English standards it seems a little over-organised, but in view of the seriousness of the threat to science and humanity to-day, and the total absence so far of any comparable lead in this country, I feel sure that many of the eligible workers here (medical, academic, technical or technological, of all grades) will wish to support it, at least by encouragement. While not in any sense an authorised spokesman for this Society, I suggest that anyone interested should apply for information to Dr. Frank Miller, Jr., Gambier, Ohio. In view of the personal courage necessary for such a venture in the present American context, we who run far less risk in saying our mind should do what we can to co-operate with our American colleagues.

ALEX COMFORT

THIS NORTH BRITON

SIR,—For a good many years now I have been a subscriber to your journal because, in spite of certain limitations imposed by the national character and outlook of its producers, there flowed from it, *quodminime reris*, a sweet reasonableness and remarkable fair-mindedness in regard to international relationships and world affairs generally.

This morning, on opening my copy at the "London Diary," I was shocked and depressed by the blatant vulgarity and bad taste, the contemptuous flouting of historical facts and the cheap jibes at Scots, Irish and other lesser breeds contained in the first paragraph of that feature: depressed that in a mad world another flickering taper of sanity seemed to have been extinguished.

Can Englishmen never, even in the death throes of their country, outgrow that arrogant insolence that courts the detestation of other nations? Or is it inevitable that a nation boasting in its own enslavement, the Anglo-Saxon people, that had no kings before 1066, must buttress up their own self-esteem by imposing slavery on as many others as possible? There has always been a nucleus of men and women in Scotland who for honour's sake have deplored the form of the existing union: to-day expediency drives many more to a similar view. I regret it should be so, for the course of honour would, I think, have been the more expedient not only for Great Britain but for the world as a whole. As things are, it looks as if the country, whose history began in 1066, will have come to an end by 1966, and of London not one stone will be found standing upon another. Why must you goad men and women, who are not entirely lacking in humanitarian instincts, to wish that it may be so?

22 Hamilton Park Avenue, NIALL MACCARMAIG
Glasgow, W.2.

GREECE

SIR,—The views expressed by Mr. John Sofianopoulos during his recent visit to this country, together with current information from Greece, add to the growing evidence that the wanton breaking of the Varkiza Agreement was the real source of the later disaster to the Greek nation. Its wider effect was to create an atmosphere in which the ideals of Western democracy could not be applied to what was regarded as its bastion in the Eastern Mediterranean.

It is the habit of the West to regard the present position in Greece as stable, whereas it resembles nothing so much as the last great war during the "phoney" period. The same mistake should not be repeated. It is in the interests of Western strength that the Powers should realise the bitterness which underlies life in Greece to-day. They should remember that when the Greeks fought so gallantly in the last war they held before them impending rewards of social justice and personal freedom such as they had not had during the Metaxas dictatorship. Their disappointment was doubly great, because they have not only been deprived of reasonable fruits of victory, but have seen with dismay that those who either kept aloof or openly collaborated with the occupying enemy have managed to creep into the confidence of the Western allies and therefore into power.

Thus the prisons are filled with patriots and the exile islands have their thousands of internees against many of whom no charge has been brought. From time to time British citizens with a sense of honour and justice protest against the revolting conditions and the hourly peril in which so many loyal Greeks spend their days. What has happened, I wonder, to those British soldiers who received shelter and succour (often at the risk of death) from Greek villagers? Do they not feel that, since many of their saviours may be among the prisoners, they should add their voices to the demand for a cleansing of policy and persons responsible for the tragedy?

More than that, could they not form themselves into a committee to inquire into the truth of the allegations and to demand that something must be done to bring justice to the fellow-countrymen of those who brought help to them in their hour of need?

The accusing hand must be pointed at the British Foreign Office and the State Department at Washington, for without their approval nothing can be done in Greece—and nothing undone.

E. H. ATHANASSOGLOU

15, New Street, Bishopsgate

RAYMOND CHANDLER

SIR,—As Mr. Ralph Partridge, in his review of Mr. Raymond Chandler's new book, mentions me, may I make a brief reply? I agree with Mr. Partridge that Mr. Chandler claims too much, not for himself but for the type of fiction he admires, and is unfair to the "classical" writers of the detective story. But I sharply disagree with him when he suggests that Mr. Chandler is merely another producer of "mere saleable trash," etc. I enjoy Mr. Chandler not because I want my fiction full of bodies and blondes, but because he seems to me an unusually good writer. If he wrote just as well but left out the bodies and blondes, I would probably enjoy him still more; and indeed if I were his publisher I would beg him to write a big straight novel about the Southern California he observes so closely and often re-creates so superbly well. It is in fact not the violent element but the non-violent element in his work that captivates me, as I imagine it does Miss Bowen and Mr. Auden. And I am reasonably well-acquainted with both the American scene and contemporary American fiction, and perhaps better able to make a comparative estimate of Mr. Chandler's ability than Mr. Partridge is.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

T. S. ELIOT'S POETRY

SIR,—The review of my book *T. S. Eliot : the Design of his Poetry*, by Charles Madge, in your issue of December 9th, has come to my notice. That I think Mr. Eliot is a great poet and that Mr. Madge doesn't is a matter of opinion and of no importance. But I think a reviewer should give an honest account of the contents of a book he reviews, and this Mr. Madge has not done. To say that I have tried to write an "anthropological and psychological interpretation" of Eliot's poetry is untrue. In fact what Mr. Madge calls "plumping for Jung" is simply to note that a sequence of images which Jung describes as coming into dream consciousness during the course of what he calls "the integration of the personality," appear in the same sequence in Eliot's poetry. This happens to be fact. But as I say in my preface à propos of psychology and criticism: "the mere presence of certain images in poetry has nothing to do with its vitality," and I make no attempt to use psychology as a critical instrument. I couldn't agree more with Mr. Madge that it was an error of judgment to introduce this Jung material into a general literary study of Eliot's poetry—it was matter for an article at most—but to concentrate on that element and ignore the literary interpretation of the rest of the book is a misrepresentation and distortion of its contents.

The fun Mr. Madge has with my final paragraph is the result of isolating one sentence and ignoring the rest of the argument—an easy way of making anyone appear ridiculous. I should hardly have drawn attention to the appropriateness of awarding the O.M. to an artist who had served his nation by serving his art had I had the naive faith that such services commonly receive such marks of royal favour.

ELIZABETH DREW

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Books in General

THE Holy Door in St. Peter's is closed; the Holy Year is over. What impressions of Rome have the pilgrims taken back with them, those labelled train-loads, those families of peasants, the pious socialites and those big, bruising American priests? I turn back to what has always seemed to me the best evocation of the tourist's Rome, indeed of the tourist himself—the *Amours de Voyage* of Arthur Hugh Clough written a hundred years ago:

> Is it illusion or not that attracteth the pilgrim transalpine
> Brings him a dullard and dunce hither to pry and to stare?
> Is it illusion or not that allures the barbarian stranger,
> Brings him with gold to the shrine, brings him in arms to the gate?

Like Bagehot, Clough is one of the few Victorians who seem to belong to our time rather than their own. The lack of the histrionic air, the lack of that imported and obligatory sense of greatness, so characteristic of the chief and, no doubt, excelling writers of the age, makes these two writers at once accessible to us. Clough, for example, makes no bones about calling himself a tourist in Italy; and although all the English writers who went to Italy from the time of the Romantic movement were tourists, part of that great check and tartan exodus which was one of the exotic sights of the time to continental observers, Clough is the only one to admit the role. He was the only one to seize the tourist as a subject and to suggest him as a key figure of his time. Uncommitted, detached, languid, Clough does not strain, as Browning does, to pass himself off as an Italian; there is no effort to "get to know the people" or to be "off the beaten track." As so often happens, the sceptic who is unable to make up his mind about the ultimate, drifts doggedly into the conventional. It has been said that Clough's weakness as a poet comes from shortness of imagination, from the logician's determination not to see beyond his subject; but if the isolation of a subject drains the spirit out of it, there are the advantages of freshness, truthfulness and exactitude. And to these qualities Clough added one of his own: a naturalness which is a relief, almost a revelation, after the usual manner of the Victorian stage. Not until the novels of E. M. Forster do we meet anything like it; and not until Forster, either, do we meet with the distinguishing portrait of the English tourist in our literature.

What is a tourist? A comic character, of course, for he is a fish out of his proper waters. A watered-down Hamlet, perhaps: will-less, unadapted and consumed by that self-consciousness which is the cruel psychological price exacted by regulated travel. There is a three-cornered relation: between one's countrymen, the foreigner and the base, disconnected self, haunted more than ever when it is abroad, by the vague, ghostly specification of what it might have been. The loneliness of the evenings! Stendhal exclaimed in Rome. The mild, doubting face of every tourist is haunted by the murder he ought, sometime in his life, to have committed. If only I could have brought myself to do it, the face seems to be murmuring, I should not be here alone, when the lights come up, with my dreadful dilemma.

Clough, as we know, from his life and his poetry, was the poet of dilemma. In an age of professional trumpets, he engaged the dubious, the personal, the inquiring, the definite but conversational flute:

> Rome disappoints me much: I hardly as yet understand, but
> *Rubbishy* seems the word that most exactly would suit it.

It is the voice of the Common Room:

> However, one can live in Rome as also in London.
> It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid of, at least for a time, of
> All's one's friends and relations—yourself (forgive me!) included—
> All the *assujettisement* of having been what one has been,
> What one thinks one is, or thinks that others suppose one;
> Yet, in spite of all, we turn like fools to the English.

The lines open *Amours de Voyage* and Hamlet, with his guide book, stands worried in the Eternal City which he had imagined to be marble and had found "instead brickwork." This is the opening despair of the tourist as he turns from the comfort of the lovely, grave, blank-minded domesticity of the Italians to the grim, cultural work that waits him. Not a street in the golden, rusted city but will ask him to take sides in the struggles of a dozen civilisations; not a building without murder, art, religion in its doors. There are the Greeks to deal with, the Romans, the endless underpinning of Western civilisation. There are the Goths and the decadence. There are the Christian question and the question of the unlikeableness of the early Christians. The Renaissance blocks the way, not as an idea only, but in solid instances of stone and acres of painted canvas. There are the beguiling and ambiguous corridors of the Vatican and St. Peters, the tremendous railway terminal from which we set out on our ornate journeys to death. There are centuries of the Party Line. There is Truth, but then there is also Beauty. There is Beauty, but there is also Art. And then—but that is enough for to-day. The tired don gives up as the domestic crowds watch the crimson Roman sunset from the Pincio, and comes back to his Victorian hotel to talk to the English to whom "like fools" we always turn when Art has become too much.

The English: *Amours de Voyage* is an epistolary novel in hexameters. Claude, the intellectual, writes to Eustace his friend. It is 1849. The English are the Trevellyns "with the seven and seventy boxes, Courier, Papa and Mamma, the children, and Mary and Susan." George is there too with moustachios, as grossly bent on marriage, as Claude is refined in evading it. But Claude is vulnerable. Alas, for the effect of days passed in the contemplation of statuary and in considering the highest questions—"the Coliseum is large; but is this an idea?"—one is inclined to sink into self-indulgence. One is likely to sink to the Trevellyns who, like all the English met by the tourist abroad, are not out of the top drawer. Socially speaking they are prone to a sort of indecent exposure, and indeed this inability to conceal that they are not "quite quite" is a kind of secondary sexual characteristic of the race. Claude is not quite unspeakable; tourism has simply encouraged afflicting introspection. He hangs round Mary Trevellyn—the chattering Georgina is too spry: no dons for her—snubs her, charms her, coolly relies on a mixture of *laissez faire* and *laissez aller*, or having his cake and not eating it, and at last, lets her go. Then, of course, he wakes up to what he has lost and chases her all the way to Como in vain and returns wretchedly to "the great massy strengths of abstraction" once more in Pisa, in time for the awful Italian rains. One more love affair without a bang in it has ended without a whimper.

That is not all there is to say about the tourist in Clough's comic opera. While Claude is denouncing Ignatius and repeopling the niches of the Pantheon with forms of "an older, austerer worship," while he is writing

> Death may
> Sometimes be noble; but life at the best will appear an illusion
> While the great pain is upon us, it is great; when it is over,
> Why, it is over. The smoke of the sacrifice rises to heaven,
> Of a sweet savour, no doubt, to Somebody; but on the altar,
> Lo, there is nothing remaining but ashes and dust and ill odour—

while he thinks and philanders, the still landscape starts to rumble and to move. Smoke can be seen boiling up, from the Pincio. There is rifle fire. There are riots in the street. The French have broken their truce with Mazzini and their troops are storming in from Civita Vecchia. The tourist takes on a contemporary torture. Is he going to rush to the Embassy, become a reporter or even commit himself to the incitement of a patriotic war for liberty? Claude suddenly becomes a figure of the Thirties; the doubts and impulses of our wars become his. Clough had been in Paris in 1848, and now Claude, begging Eustace "not to whisper it in thy courts, Oh Christ Church!" dreams of great angers and a sword. But not to defend the ladies:

> Now supposing the French or the Neapolitain soldier
> Should by some evil chance come exploring the Maison Serny
> (Where the family English are all to assemble for safety)
> Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?
> Really, who knows? One has bowed and talked, till, little by little,
> All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit.
> Oh, one conformed, of course; but one doesn't die for good manners,
> Stab or shoot, or be shot, by way of graceful attention.
> No, if it should be at all, it should be on the barricades there;
> Should I encarnadine ever this inky pacifical finger,
> Sooner far should it be for this vapour of Italy's freedom,
> Sooner far by the side of the d . . . d and dirty plebeians,
> Ah, for a child in the street I could strike; for the full-blown lady—
> Somehow, Eustace, alas! I have not felt the vocation.

Claude does not fight, of course. But he is excitedly out for the news. Brilliantly Clough's eye for reality, the gift of a mind so fatally adroit at changing its position, captures the absurd, tragic, confused scene in the streets; the comic flicker of the tourists, the reactionary cries of the dear, bourgeois girls who spread wild tales about Garibaldi's Negro. And the episode has the perfect tourist ending; he has not killed, he has not been killed but he has *seen* someone killed:

. . . . the swords are
Many and bare in the air. In the air? They descend; they are smiting,
Hewing, chopping—At what? In the air once more upstretched?—And
Is it blood that's on them . . .
Passing away from the place with Murray under my arm, and
Stooping, I saw through the legs of the people the legs of a body.

The critics of Clough used to be severe. He was not a great poet but (more serious for his reputation in Victorian times), he had not "the vocation," as he might have said, for importing greatness into his subjects. Lytton Strachey made fun of his continual doubts and his weak ankles. In fact Clough was a champion athlete and his doubts suggest not vacillation but modesty, hardness of mind, the strength of integrity and candour, the point of naturalness. It will be noticed in the portrait of Claude (which is not, however, a self-portrait) how the moments of weakness are the admissions of an honest character and immediately lead to strength. The famous "Say not the struggle nought availeth" is the work of a courageous man. Clough was really in advance of his time; his unofficial manner, his truthfulness about personal feeling, his nonchalance, his curiosity, even his bitterness and his use of anti-climax, are closer to the poets of the Thirties than they were to his contemporaries. His line is clean. His lack of pretence is austere. The account of Rome is a wonderful evocation of the Rome that is in our minds, mixed up with our private life and business, our incapacity to answer the numberless questions that come from the city that has more of human fate in each of its stones than any city on earth.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The holly wreath that now
Our house adorns
Will wither soon and be
A jagged crown of thorns.

Nor when fir needles fall
Can tinsel hide
The grey and naked limbs
Of the tree crucified.

The fair feast of Christmas
The flesh enthrones
Even as we gaze piles up
A hollow heap of bones.

By which I know a sad
And doleful thing
That though we eat and drink
And gladsome carols sing

The ancient curse still blights
The human tree,
And things men touch become
Shadows of Calvary.

FRED COGSWELL

COUNTRY WITHOUT HOPE

The Face of Spain. By GERALD BRENAN. *Turnstile Press.* 15*s.*

Pillars of Hercules: The Iberian Scene. By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Less than twelve years after the end of the Civil War, curiosity about Spain can be satisfied hardly more adequately than in the pre-railway days of the nineteenth century. It is therefore something of an event when an informed traveller brings back a colourful yet strictly authentic account of what he has seen there.

In *The Face of Spain*, Mr. Brenan has written the diary of a recent journey which he and his wife made through the Peninsula. Their most definite goal was the house near Malaga in which they had lived until the Civil War, but this did not preclude long and fascinating detours to places both on and off the ordinary traveller's map whose atmosphere Mr. Brenan invokes with a rare felicity. Against a full background of historical and artistic knowledge, he has set descriptions of landscapes and architecture ranging from the Dantesque gorge of the Tagus at Toledo to the stork-crowned Roman remains at Mérida. Particularly good is his rendering of such places as Mérida and Badajoz—once important provincial cities and the scenes of historic events now almost legendary—but to-day degenerated into seedy market towns.

Their living inhabitants speak their minds freely in this book, and anyone who doubts whether the racy directness of the Spaniard has survived under Franco's regime will be reassured after reading the numerous conversations which are recorded. There is, however, a difference—insistent enough to seep through without any conscious intention on the author's part. It weaves a tragic thread into his narrative and seems ominously symptomatic of the national outlook. Post-war Spain is clearly suffering from an increased obsession with death. Mr. Brenan devotes an absorbing chapter to his search for the burial-place of Lorca, which he locates tentatively in a mass-grave in a lonely ravine outside Granada. The pilgrimage brought him the acquaintance of the old woman who looked after the village cemetery at Viznar.

> Her mother, she told us, had always had a great devotion to the dead. Night and day she had always kept a lamp burning for them in the cemetery and even when it rained, and even when snow fell, she would go there to tend it. "*Ay, Dios mio*," she used to say, "if it is wet and cold for us, isn't it colder and wetter still for them? There they lie, *los pobrecillos*, out in that place with nothing to comfort them."

The daughter, obeying her mother's last wishes, still keeps the lamp burning out of pity "for those poor dead, lying there so far from the village and its animation." It is unlikely that she had ever read Bécquer. She was moved by the same necrophilic impulse which conceived the Escorial as a palace centred upon a mausoleum, which appears visibly in the canvases of Zurbarán, El Greco, Goya and Picasso, and every now and then crops out in an orgy of self-destruction.

The immediate memory of nearly all Spaniards to-day is haunted by their own dead of the Civil War. Their number is variously put at between five and ten per cent. of the total population. The survivors either mourn them as relatives or feel guilty towards them as the victims they themselves shot by the thousand after the Nationalist victory. The psychological effect of this immense new burden of death is as demoralising to the Spanish mind as the really desperate economic condition of the country. If it cannot be shaken off at the same time as a solution is found to the problem of feeding the millions of half-starved workers and small middle-class people, it seems probable that before long the Spanish will to survival will be finally sapped. This was the danger which some of us dimly realised in 1937 above the conflict of political ideologies, and which can now be seen to have been the real moral issue of the Civil War.

Most travellers to Spain in the past five years have been struck by the all-pervading apathy. The value of Mr. Brenan's testimony is that he did not set out with the intention of proving a case against Franco, the Falange, or the Church. His object in revisiting the country last year after an absence of thirteen years was to re-examine the more permanent aspects of the national character and culture, but to eschew politics. But politics were forced upon him in nearly every conversation he had, in nearly every observation he made of the human scene. He brings back a picture of a corrupt, inefficient regime propped up by interests, disillusioned even with itself, grown rather more lenient recently and tolerated by the mass of the people because of their horror of another war and their inability to see any better alternative. This picture is unhappily exact. It shows the futility of thinking that Spain could be patched up as a bastion against Communism if Communism were established on the other side of the Pyrenees: such a situation would present the Spanish people with their only hope of a successful revolution.

Meanwhile, Spain is still an excellent hunting-ground for the receptive traveller. Although it is producing nothing new—all its cultural and intellectual talent is in exile—it is strewn with the wrecks of old cultures which continually repay reassessment.

In the clear air of the Peninsula and also, it must be said without irony, in the vacuum of the Spanish mind since about 1700, these relics retain a mummified life more intact than in countries which have moved through industrial revolutions and global wars. It is not that they are nearer to the present inhabitants, but that less has happened between. This incidental clarity has enabled Mr. Brenan, who is a specialist in literature, art and trees, to discern features which he might otherwise have missed. His comments on the propaganda intentions of Spanish ecclesiastical baroque are, as he says, derived from Weisbach and Roger Fry, but he adds a new element by establishing the link between Spanish baroque and the craftsmanship of the Arabs. His remarks on the hypnotic effect of the repeated pattern and its calculated inducement of religious ecstasy are completely convincing. On another score, his confrontation of El Greco's vision with Dostoevsky's is of necessity too generalised ever to be much more than an interesting speculation. It shows, however, what material Spain can still offer to a liberal and inquiring mind.

Like all true hispanophils, Mr. Brenan is fascinated by the Spanish personality and was struck on his return home by the contrast with the amorphous, muted English in their lush surroundings of Kensington or Surrey. How many like him, returning from similar journeys, have been tempted to exclaim that our England is a cow-pasture. But apparently this is the pattern for survival. A synthetic economy, culture and character bring to their possessors food and at least an illusion of living which the clear-chiselled, unadaptable Iberians have largely lost. It was also too extreme an experience to come straight from the medieval peasants of Andalusia to the urban population of London and the Home Counties. There are other kinds of British native.

This suggests a criticism of *The Face of Spain* as a picture of the Spanish people. It describes a journey south and west of Madrid but does not touch Catalonia or Bilbao or the tough northerners of Cantabria and Galicia. At the moment, the economic tale does not seem to be very different there, but there is a hidden resilience in those regions which has always been lacking in the more fatalistic south. It is to be hoped that Mr. Brenan will undertake this other journey some day and so complete what is already the most balanced and penetrating study of contemporary Spain since the Civil War.

Mr. Broderick's observation is on a different level. His field is much wider, since he has aimed at covering the whole Iberian Peninsula (including Portugal), with an excursion to Tangier. But he also has been unable to ignore

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the beggars and the poverty of the new Spain, though his computation is much less pessimistic than Mr. Brenan's. But his last visit appears to have been made in 1947, before the disastrous drought which is the leitmotiv of Mr. Brenan's agricultural chapters. Mr. Broderick writes for just that synthetically cultured audience which Mr. Brenan dislikes. His style changes from one page to the next and he crams his book with what must be one of the most platitudinous collections of quotations ever assembled in five languages. It is a pity, for, while literature goes to his head, he has an enthusiast's knowledge of Iberian history and art. With a less pretentious approach, he would have written a more readable book.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

THE POETRY OF CONTRARIES

The Lonely Tower: Studies in the Poetry of W. B. Yeats. By T. R. HENN. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

I recall an incident at the board meeting of an Irish Company. The annual report was given, dividends were higher than ever before, and the gratified directors leaned forward to listen to their Chairman's summing-up. "Gentlemen," said he, with freezing satisfaction, "this is all very well in practice. But how does it work out in theory?"

Mr. Henn gives us a good book on the practice and theory of W. B. Yeats. Clearly he is fitted by sympathy (he is Irish), by disposition (he is modest), and by critical approach (he is a scholar) to give us something more than an inventory of the furniture of Yeats's mind. Yet what a curiously furnished mind it was: what bric-à-brac; what a magpie store of bits of philosophy, theosophy, folklore, occult studies, magical practice and prophecy. Mr. Henn shows us the reason for it all. He is aware, too, that the poet's mind is never a fixture but a flux. The poet is both determinist and indeterminist in his practice; he is two people, and moves in two contrary worlds. In the warm world of reality the fire breaks out and the fire-engine arrives. In the cold world of dream the fire-engine arrives and the fire breaks out. In fact, it is this clash of process and split of person that makes for conscious articulation. The loss of Eden and of unity is the beginning of knowledge and of writing. And few poets have been so sharply divided as Yeats was, or so anxious for unity. "Always," he said, "one part of me looks on, mockingly, at the other." Mr. Henn says that Yeats encouraged the conflict. That is true. "Self" and "anti-self" he called these painfully opposed sides in himself. He was both eager lover and hopeless loser; helpless poet and able businessman; a fisherman who did not know a May-fly when he saw one. He might exuberantly break street-lamps with a Dublin crowd during a Royal visit; yet he could coldly identify himself with the aristocracy. He was shy and bold, romantic and ironical, sweet-youth and bitter-age in one.

All this was very well in practice, but how did it work out in theory? Yeats, being the most conscious of men, found his theory. It allowed him to "assume that second self," to adopt a different personality, like a mask. And Mr. Henn is profoundly right when he says that any understanding of Yeats's poetry depends on a knowledge of, and a sympathy with, Yeats's doctrine of the Mask. For it justified the private conflict. "Out of the quarrel with ourselves we make poetry," he said. One wonders if, as poet, he even wished to be successful in love.

> I might have thrown poor words away
> And been content to live.

And it justified his public conflict—"Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric." To preserve this see-saw, to protect his experience, to extend his personality and to advance his poetry, Yeats bound himself to the Mask. He was scholar, sage, statesman, sportsman, and country-gentleman by turn. Many people thought him a *poseur*. "All manner and no manners," said George Moore. But there is a difference, said Edmund Dulac, between adopting a pose in order to impress other people, and adopting it for the good of one's soul. And Yeats did the latter. With him to pose was to oppose, to dramatise, to draw-out, like a Gnostic, the duality in himself. The opposition was inherent in his position. He was born between two worlds, of that dramatic Anglo-Irish stock. Like Joyce, he was reared between two ages, the age of Victorian faith which brought rabbits out of a hat, and the age of reason which brought habits out of a rat. His country, Ireland, was split by politics, its people divided by religion. All this, and its import, Mr. Henn touches on excellently. I wish, though, that he had pointed out how important the Mask is in the whole structure of Irish society; how it holds all things in shape and gives a ritual dignity even to enmity; how the role of priest, peasant, politician, and even poet, is vastly more important than the individual who fills it. In Ireland pose is poise; it is no man's invention but all men's inheritance. That is why rhetoric, as Mr. Henn acutely notes, is so valued in Ireland; it is a man's other and public voice, and address. That, too, is why dress is important: Yeats, the poet, had a bow-tie and a flowing lock of hair; Yeats, the Senator, had a tall hat and tail coat. It is part of the inherent and natural drama of the Irish scene.

Yeats and Joyce were the outcome of that drama, the children of that divorce. And in the work of each there is the same distant, cold, proud, impersonal quality, as if they were bent on keeping emotion and intimacy at arm's length. Perhaps they were afraid. Each had one subject about which he felt confusedly and conflictingly. Yeats's subject was himself, Joyce's subject was his native city, Dublin. Each was too close to his subject to see it or seize it without danger. "The knowledge of reality," said Yeats, "is a sort of death." Like some Gorgon's head, it could be looked at safely only in the mirror and reflection of a shield. That, I believe, is why both Yeats and Joyce chose to deal with reality by means of the obliquity of image and symbol. And in one of the most valuable chapters of his book Mr. Henn traces the growth and processional character of Yeats's symbols, and notes how they gain in unity and universality.

Yeats's unifying symbol was the Tower. For it enclosed and illustrated the conflicting movements of life; it stood for the swings and roundabouts of history, the ups and downs of progress.

> I declare this tower is my symbol; I declare
> This winding, gyring, spiring treadmill of a stair
> is my ancestral stair.

"I have thought much," said Yeats, "of the difference between the winding movement of nature, and the straight line, which is called . . . . 'The Mark of Man.'" It is the old problem of contraries and of how to marry them fruitfully; a life-and-death conflict with a resurrecting answer.

On the gravestone of the Swiss mathematician who discovered the mathematics of the spiral are the words—"Always changing in the same way, I arise." Yeats and Joyce, too, solved the problem of contraries, of how life stays the same and yet changes and progresses by dying. They solved it by means of a symbol. Joyce's symbol was the River. Yeats's symbol was the Tower; the spiralling recurrent tower that was both beginning and end, life and death, winding-sheet and swaddling-band. And resurrection.

> Always changing, always the same, I arise.

W. R. RODGERS

VIEWS OF DIVINITY

The Greeks and Their Gods. By W. K. C. GUTHRIE. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

This new study of ancient Greek religion is most warmly to be welcomed. It should appeal both to the scholar and to the general reader. It is thorough, but not pedantic, very readable but in no way superficial.

Mr. Guthrie would be the last to deny his indebtedness to other workers in the same field. Indeed, one of his early chapters on "Our Predecessors" is a model not only of clarity but of fairness. It is fitting to be reminded again of the revolutionary effect on classical studies of the recent sciences of archaeology and anthropology. The discovery of primitive elements in the Greek mind was of the utmost importance for a fuller understanding of the Greek genius, and the excitement of the discovery is evident in the writings of such scholars as Jane Harrison and Gilbert Murray. Mr. Guthrie quotes a sentence from Jane Harrison which well describes such excitements. "Great things in literature, Greek plays for example, I most enjoy when behind their bright splendours I see moving darker and older shapes." This attitude has been, and is, most valuable; but it is also true that there is a certain danger in a too exclusive preoccupation with origins. Finally, the important thing about the Greeks is not that they were but that they were *not* savages, and Mr. Guthrie introduces his work with a quotation from Herodotus which emphasises this very point: ". . . seeing that from old times the Hellenic has ever been distinguished from the foreign stock by its greater cleverness and its freedom from silly foolishness." Thus Mr. Guthrie is concerned with investigating not so much what the Greeks had in common with more primitive peoples, but what they had which was their own. He limits his inquiry to the classical period, though, of course, he has to go both backwards and forwards in time in order to clarify many of the points he makes. Still his main theme remains "the relations between man and God (or gods, or divinity) as they appeared to the Greeks of the classical period."

The investigation of this theme is pursued with a remarkable thoroughness and an admirable sanity. Mr. Guthrie is well aware of the complexity of the subject and on this point he well writes "A living religion is a stone of many facets, any one of which can be turned to face the light

G. BERNARD SHAW

was no fool and people should now investigate the practical application of his theories regarding the great gain from a new alphabet. This they can do by reading "Why not English?" by P. D. Ridge-Beedle, the proofs of which were read and annotated by Mr. Shaw. It contains the

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while the gleam of the others is dulled by shadow: nor is the possessor necessarily conscious that the stone has turned in his hands." Thus he is not afraid of contradictions in the evidence, but rather expects to find them.

The main contradiction in Greek thought he finds not so much between a "civilised" and a "primitive" attitude as between the wholly different views of divinity which are expressed sometimes by the same author (by Euripides, for instance in the *Bacchae*), one view being that there is an impassable gulf between man and God, the other being that some form of communion and even identification with divinity is not only possible but desirable.

No summary can possibly do justice to the learning and skill with which the inquiry into this central contradiction is conducted, nor is it easy to pick out from so much that is excellent chapters that seem to be better or worse than others. Personally I found the chapters on the poets and philosophers of Ionia not only interesting but extremely valuable to an understanding of the main theme. I was inclined to wonder whether the authority of Homer was quite so powerful and pervasive as Mr. Guthrie would have us believe, and would have welcomed rather more evidence for this belief than he gives us.

The final chapters, on Plato and Aristotle, are of absorbing interest and form an almost triumphant close to this modestly written but original book. For, as Mr. Guthrie writes, "Even in the severest of Greek philosophers the old religious antithesis is echoed," and we are the better able to understand him after our descent to the cave of Trophonius, our inquiries into the habits of the Getae, into the Homeric pantheon, Eleusis, the Orphics and so much more. REX WARNER

"IN THE NICK"

Lag's Lexicon. Compiled by PAUL TEMPEST. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

"It was inevitable, during a five-year sentence for manslaughter," writes Paul Tempest, introducing his "comprehensive dictionary and encyclopaedia of the English prison today," "that I should absorb the atmosphere of such an unnatural life and learn to understand, if not to speak, the language of that isolated world." Connoisseurs of the spoken word will find this an absorbing book. Though the compiler has limited himself to those words and phrases that he actually heard during his stay in six different prisons, his memory has yielded a rich verbal deposit. While noting the prevalence of Service terms and Cockney rhyming slang ("corned beef," "lemon and Balkan states", etc.), the reader will discover a heap of more esoteric argot. He will learn the meaning of "iron-hoof," "cozzy" and the "queer quartet," what is meant by "rabbiting," "grassing" and "gessumping the gesseiner." Prison slang is full of subtle, sinister distinctions; there is considerable difference in meaning between a "brass" and a "broad," between "bashing up" and merely "bashing," between being "banged up" in one's cell and "banged in."

But this book is something more than just a new piece of Partridgiana. It supplies a much-needed account of life in English prisons today by a seemingly fair-minded witness who knows better than any visitor just where the shoe pinches. By means of short entries headed "diet," "timetable," "noise," "amusements," etc., Mr. Tempest builds up a good general picture of conditions "inside." The result is strangely unhomogeneous, a weird blend of applied penology and eighteenth century repression. The bad old days of ball and chain are gone for good; though Dartmoor prisoners still have the privilege of keeping white mice, Dartmoor officers no longer carry sabres and the convicts (the word itself is obsolete) are no longer made to turn their faces to the wall when the Governor visits the workshop. Nevertheless, side by side with the whist drives and psychiatric treatment, many grim vestiges remain: the ship's bell, for instance, used for signalling at meal times and lock-up, "a nerve-shattering relic of barbarism which causes agony to both prisoners and officers," has not been universally discarded; the soul-breaking "bag-shop" continues, there is still widespread lack of adequate sanitation. Above all, the atmosphere that surrounds the condemned cell remains. Here, Mr. Tempest adds a few touches to *Now Barabbas*:

> Wearing a uniform fitted with tapes instead of buttons (which might be swallowed), the sentenced man spends his "three clear Sundays" in the condemned cell watched day and night by two officers . . . He sleeps with his hands above the bedclothes (so no concealed razor can slash an artery); his smoking is limited for the sake of his health; and special meals are served and prepared by the officer cook . . . Frequently a man does not eat his meal and it is returned to the cookhouse. Normally, the kitchen hands make short work of any extras, but this is a meal which no one is keen to touch and often a good meal goes untasted into the swill bins.

Even more important is the light this book throws on prison psychology and habits generally. Like every kind of society, prison has its castes and sub-castes; besides the "old lag" hierarchy of "redbands" and "leaders," there is the secret plutocracy of tobacco barter. Tempest describes the "barons" who ply their dangerous traffic with the same strong-arm methods as are in use "outside."

There are the "gannets" or gluttons, backed like gladiators at their eating-contests in the dining-halls; the "slimeys" or *faux dévôts* who contrive to make the prison chaplain's job even more difficult than it is already; the ex-Borstal boys with their cliquish "distinct 'old school'" mannerisms; most pathetic of all, there are the illiterates, killing time by piling up the few articles in their cells to make "fantastic shapes of the imagination." For such men, "banged up" between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m., "slate, books, plate and so on become turreted castles, and fork and spoon, even the chamber pot and lid, tied in a long chain, become some mysterious night express." Frequently, as a man's nerves give way under continual confinement, he runs amok in his cell and smashes up everything in sight. On the other side of the cell-door, the complementary neurosis known as "convictitis" lies ready to spring at the prison officer, who begins to imagine that every prisoner he sees is about to attack him.

What conclusion can be drawn from this book? Mr. Tempest suggests that our penal system today is like the curate's egg, good in parts. As he states in his preface,

> All prisons are run by Standing Orders . . . and it is the individual interpretation of those orders by the Governor which goes to make a "bastard" or a "cushy" nick.
>
> The antiquated catacombs of vice and corruption—a fair description of the big London and provincial prisons and of not a few of the smaller "locals"—are, unfortunately, still too prevalent. The open-camp prison, fortuitous answer to the problem of overcrowding, is undoubtedly the forerunner of the prison of the future.
>
> There are, however, a number of the old prisons run today by men with foresight and with genuine ideals. It is these men and their interpretation of the rules who make "heaven" out of hell, and on their guidance depends the future of hundreds of men, both young and old, who today fill our prisons.

JOHN RAYMOND

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A short thing about an artist is quite as hard to write as a long monograph, a fact sometimes overlooked by the writers of short things. The first volume in the miniature Architectural Biographies series suffered from this oversight, but the two which have just appeared are good. They deal with Thomas Archer and Henry Holland, architects of considerable importance

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at the beginning and end respectively of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Archer is best known for that very queer burnt-out church which fills up most of Smith Square, Westminster, and has four towers. It used to be regarded as outstandingly ugly, but when the Baroque came in again thirty years ago, it was discovered to be rather fine and is now safely listed as a very special example of the style in England. Baroque it certainly is. The towers go shooting up through the corners of two terrific pediments, whose raking sides disappear just as they have crossed the towers and reappear as suddenly to make an apex, self-supported over the centre intercolumniation of the portico—a very curious fancy which Rubens indulged in his house at Antwerp but which probably began its career in North Italy, where, we may suppose, Archer picked it up. For Archer, unlike his contemporaries, Wren, Hawksmore and Vanbrugh, was a travelled man. He was away, Mr. Whiffen tells us, for four years and although his itinerary is unknown, it is commonly supposed that it was Italy which opened his eyes. Not that Italian experience counts for so very much in Archer: indeed, his borrowings are, as Mr. Whiffen observes, mostly bookish and could very well have been absorbed at home. And his compositions are nothing if not original. There is a church of his at Deptford—St. Paul's—which apart from a faint Borrominesque allusion in the plan, is compounded of Wren and Hawksmore, brilliantly realising in their language some ideas which must be Archer's own.

Apart from his churches (a third church—the earliest and least satisfactory—is now Birmingham Cathedral), Archer is best studied at Heythrop, in the garden pavilion at Wrest and the grotesque Cascade House at Chatsworth; but Mr. Whiffen adds to the known number of his works several attributions of great interest—notably the destroyed Addiscombe House, an early work which makes one wonder, whether, after all, Archer came fully armed from Italy or whether his style struggled out of a mixed experience of English and Dutch, the Rubens style and Italian engravings. He remains a very puzzling figure.

How different is the clear cut *œuvre* of Henry Holland, so consistent, elegant and modest! We recognise his style to-day as we go down Whitehall, noticing on the right the baby Ionic portico of the Scottish Office (now shrouded in scaffolding), built as a frontispiece to the Duke of York's town house in 1787. These little Greek-profiled columns—their scale due, I suspect, to the discovery that the Greeks built at least one temple with columns barely fifteen feet high—were a pet theme. In couples, they provided a screen in front of Carlton House; in couples again we find them in the loggias at Southill, the house Holland remodelled for Samuel Whitbread. The Brighton Pavilion, as Holland left it, had them too, while Nash, who destroyed them here, resurrected them in Park Crescent, marched them all round Park Square and had two pairs standing sentinel at his own front door in Dover Street.

Holland's exteriors are mostly very English, but his interiors have a French elegance which suited his Whig patrons. And his patrons were all Whigs. His first important work was the Whig club, Brooks's; his great building, Carlton House, was for the Prince in his Whig heyday; all his country-houses were for Whigs and he died, as though to make the pattern perfect, in the same year as Charles James Fox. He has never, till now, had a book written about him and he is not, perhaps, big enough for a full-size study; in fact, Miss Stroud's miniature, as neat as the neat architecture it describes, is just what was wanted.

Professor Pevsner's study of Matthew Digby Wyatt is another miniature book about an architect, but of rather different purport. This Wyatt (Wyatt of Fonthill's uncle's grandson) was not much of a designer and his works, executed in nearly every known European style, are to-day for amusement only. But he was a thinker, an able writer, opposing to Ruskin's jewelled pessimism an optimistic belief in his own age and the artistic potentialities (he claimed nothing more immediate) of its industrial discoveries. He was, in fact, the kind of square peg who, to-day, with only trifling alterations, would fit squarely into the administration of the Council for Industrial Design or the Arts Council. That is, evidently, one reason why Professor Pevsner chose him for the subject of his inaugural lecture as Slade Professor at Cambridge this year. Another reason was that Wyatt himself was the first holder of the chair—with Ruskin as his Oxonian counterpart. Pevsner weighs up the two men and leaves us pondering the enigma which their conflicting attitudes propose—whether society must first be good in order to be beautiful, or may, by cultivating the arts, render itself seemly enough to be good. There is, of course, no answer; but this witty exposure of the dilemma almost persuades one that there might be. JOHN SUMMERSON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. BEETHOVEN: Seventh (Philharmonia Galliera. DX1697-1701). A nice, clear reading of the score, free from striving after effect and calculated to please all lovers of the symphony. Recording pleasant in tone but rather bottom-heavy: the highest frequencies are conspicuously absent (listen, for instance, to the balance of the A minor chord which opens the Allegretto)—a fault that impairs the brilliance, especially of the last two movements. Those who possess LP equipment are strongly advised to go for the Concertgebouw Kleiber disc (LXT2547); despite a stodgy tempo in the Finale, it is a thrilling record. ROUSSEL: Fourth, A major, Op. 53 (Philharmonia Karajan. LX1348-50, LXS1351). I hate having to look this gift-horse in the mouth, since the work is among the finest of French symphonies; but I cannot think that Karajan was a happy choice: his virtues as a conductor are purely German and he has neither sensibility nor humour enough for music like this. The recording, too, is not of the best. The wind detail is constantly obscured by the strings, and I could scarcely ever hear the harpist. MOZART: No. 41, C major ("Jupiter") (R.P.O. Beecham. LX1337-40). I do not care much for this performance which is ponderously slow in the first movement and the Minuet. Even the Andante, though distinguished by some beautiful wind playing, is hindered by sentimental ritardandi. The recording is good, apart from some pre-echo. The Vienna Phil. Böhm issue (H.M.V.) of the symphony is both better and cheaper than this.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. BANTOCK: *Fifine at the Fair* (L.P.O. Beecham. DB21145-8). This large symphonic poem is founded on a philosophical epic by Browning. The poem is a disquisition, addressed by (as it were) Don Juan to Donna Elvira, on the subject of sacred and profane love; the latter suggested by a dancer called Fifine as she appears to the couple in a fair at Pornic, on the coast of Brittany. Bantock's "orchestral drama," as he calls it, came out in 1912 and suffers to some extent from the fallacious Straussian theory that instrumental music can follow the steps of an elaborate story or argument. Nevertheless, Bantock has drastically simplified the emotional tissue, so that the shape of the work—a sonata first movement on a gigantic scale—becomes clear on a second or third hearing. The music itself, though not "original," is strikingly beautiful, in the luscious, somewhat overscored style of its day, and is full of picturesque invention. I urge readers to give this piece their serious attention, for the performance and recording are superb. This is a clear case for LP—but how many LP discs give as much sensuous pleasure as this? BEETHOVEN: *Egmont* Overture (Hallé Barbirolli. DB21139). A first-class recording of a second-class performance. There is not enough *attack* here, and little feeling of heroism. The best available record of this piece is a new "Special Issue" by the Danish State Radio Orchestra under Nicolai Malko (H.M.V.). TCHAIKOVSKY: *Francesca da Rimini* (Danish State Radio Orch. Dobrowen. C4040-2). The unusually low level at which this noisy piece is recorded makes it easier to accommodate—at all events on small machines. Dobrowen does all that can be done to hold the work together, but the LP disc (Paris Conservatoire Jorda) gives a more thrilling account of the score. The Overture to Glinka's *Russlan and Ludmilla* (on side 6) is scintillatingly played. MOZART: Adagio, B flat major, K411 (London Baroque Ensemble Haas. R20592). Laid out for the unpromising combination of two clarinets and three basset horns, this charming little piece is a perfect example of Mozart's incredible skill. The recording is excellent. DEBUSSY: *Images-Gigues, Ibéria, Rondes de Printemps* (Suisse Romande Orch. Ansermet. LP disc LXT 2524); *Ibéria* only (Paris Conservatoire Orch. Münch. AK1763-5). To have coupled all the *Images* on one disc was an excellent idea, for they are seldom heard together in the concert hall.

Gigues and *Rondes* come through admirably, with all the clarity of texture for which Ansermet is famous. His *Ibéria* is, I feel, less successful: the first and last sections lack fire and the slow movement which should sound dreamy and distant is loud and commonsensical. The 78 *Ibéria*, on the other hand, is an admirable set, full of atmosphere and most faithfully recorded. The fill-up is the same composer's *Berceuse Héroïque*, an occasional piece of no particular interest, written during the first war. JOHANN STRAUSS: Waltzes—*Accelerations; Roses of the South; Blue Danube; Emperor Waltz* (National and New Sym. Orch/Krips. LP disc LK4021). An *omnium gatherum* that will be very welcome. Krips is the ideal conductor for Johann Strauss and the recording (presumably a dubbing of his various 78 discs) is of a high standard. PROKOFIEV: *Peter and the Wolf* (Pickles/Philharmonia/Markevitch. C4046-8). Easily the best set of this work. Wilfred Pickles was an admirable choice: his recitation is delightfully intimate and far more flexible, vocally, than that of Frank Phillips (in the LP version). The orchestral part is beautifully played and the balance quite happy. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

(*To be concluded*)

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,089

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are invited to write, for the usual prizes, a Spenserian stanza of an informative nature, suitable for distribution during the Festival of Britain, about any one English county.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,086

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (not more than 200 words) from the report by a Polynesian anthropologist on the Christmas customs of the English.

Report by Richard Lister

So bewildering a conglomeration of customs as the English Christmas provides a fruitful field of conjecture for the anthropologist. Our Polynesian contributors showed themselves as daring in derivation, as bold in symbolic attribution, as decisive in rejecting the commonplace as any Gorer, Mead or Benedict. Ingenious suggestions could be picked almost at random:

> The ceremonies of the vegetation spirit are celebrated at the winter solstice by hanging up in house or temple sprigs of mistletoe (= continuity of life through death of vegetation) and of holly (pricks = the pains of childbirth) . . . (GUY KENDALL)

Or:

> For one day, the myth of propagation which holds that the stork delivers babies by way of the chimney, is suspended and is substituted by the belief that FATHER Christmas descends by this route and FILLS the empty stocking . . . (A. ROWE)

The five printed below share the prize-money for entries which are not only full of ingenuities but are also the most consistent. Runners-up: "Bones," N. B. Hewett, J. Y. Finlayson, K. Aterman, Douglas Hawson, M. & P. Vince, and L. G. Udall.

The Englishman believes that as the shortest day approaches, his soul leaves his body and inhabits a turkey. After the winter solstice, it can be recovered by eating the turkey, with the correct ceremony; several souls may inhabit the same bird. Polynesians may wonder how the right soul is recovered. Englishmen, however, are not particular about the nature of the soul they get, regarding souls as a necessary evil. Thus, they may have a different soul each year. "Goodwill" messages are exchanged so that the old year's soul will not feel slighted and seek revenge.

In order to keep out demons during this critical period, holly is hung up to entangle them; the most dreaded demon, however, He-of-the-scented claws, comes down the chimney. To entrap him, a pudding is covered with native *bhrandi*. The archdemon, slightly drunk, puts down his bag of souls. The *bhrandi* is then set alight and he is driven off. The natives then indulge in feasting and merriment, with singing of ribald songs known as "carols," to keep spirits away, especially those of their ancestors, which they regard as particularly malignant. A. J. L.

At Yule tide—a season of annual juvenility rites culminating in "White Christmas"—the entire adult population succumbs to the idolatry of its own children[1]. During this period of *amok*, the frenzied young invoke their tribal devil-god or headsman, "Sanityclause," demanding gifts.

The midnight preceding "Christmasday," adult male parents don stuffed red ceremonial phylacteries and disguise their faces in cotton wool masks. Thus attired, they descend a narrow soot-lined vent (or "chimney") to immolate themselves upon a burning sacrificial pyre (or "Yule-log")[2].

The day following Christmas marks the return to maturity. Offspring, still keyed to the orgies of Yule tide, have their ears boxed on this day, appropriately known as "Boxing-Day."

Certain Christmas-connected cults strongly support the writer's hypothesis that the white English Islanders are descendants of our own Polynesian people, marooned afar by wayward ocean currents . . .[3]

[1] *Vide* the "Xmastree," an evergreen totem or fetish decked with votive charms and amulets and surrounded by *toy*. (The word *toy* obviously stems from Polynesian roots.)

[2] During this ritual, fathers are *tabu* and may not be viewed by their young.

[3] *E.g.* a popular fertility dance called "under-the-mistletoe." DAVID N. LEFF

It is one of the peculiarities of this people, so remarkable for paradox, so little distinguished by love of logic, that they should herald the approach of what is supposedly a season of Peace and Good-will, with ceremonial ritual processions, at the end of which, by the light of lanterns, and to the accompaniment of blood-curdling wails from primitive reed instruments, they howl discordantly at the doors of their neighbours, refusing to leave until they have been bribed to do so.

The barbaric taste of this primitive people, so deplorably evident in their callous and wholesale slaughter of bird and animal life at this season, has, however, a not wholly charmless manifestation in the superstitious legend of Santa Claus, with which, although the young savages are not so gullible as of old, they regale their children. But, to young and old alike, the chief object of veneration at Christmas is a substance called pudding, a concoction as deleterious as its name suggests. It is one of the most powerful opiates known to man, and its abuse explains why eighty per cent of the English are to be found asleep in their chairs immediately after their Christmas dinner. G. J. BLUNDELL

The natives themselves were unwilling or unable to tell me the purpose of this festival (a *tabu*? None would say more than "Xmas is such a bore"); and the following interpretation is therefore to some extent hypothetical.

Prior to the festival certain propitiatory gifts are procured and sent out, but I could discover no common denominator in these gifts save for a slight tendency towards magic ("gadgets," "trick lighters").

On the day itself a *turkey* is ceremonially roasted and divided among the household. This is a sacred, sun-symbolising bird, and as it is slain (*i.e.* the sun vanishes in winter), so it is followed by a dish momentarily set alight, symbolising its phoenix-like rebirth. The household crown themselves with paper hats, symbol of the divinity they have acquired from partaking of the sacred bird, and adjourn to a room where a large evergreen tree has been erected. Thus the last piece of the jigsaw falls into place. The *turkey* is of Peruvian origin, like the sun-worship; and the tree is the symbol of the *balsa wood* on rafts of which the ancestors of this people crossed the sea to colonise Britain. FRANCES LOBB

At the winter solstice they embark on a period of feasting once intended to see them through months of

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torpor. The recrystallising into almost distintegrated family units suggests that whole families hibernated together (cf. certain snakes) in holes dug in the ground and roofed with branches. They still festoon their ceilings with the few green products of now deciduous woodlands.

When the individual had gorged to capacity he would give away any remaining food which would not keep until spring, his descendants still use this season for giving away unwanted trifles.

They believe that Santa Claus, (Lat. *clausus*, shut up or enclosed) god of hibernation, enters their houses via the chimney, recalling when the only entry to the winter home was from above. Following the main feast day comes "Boxing Day," the day for retiring to the "box" or lair (cf. the obsolete "give you good den.")

The traditional Christmas pantomimes show the hibernation theme clearly (Sleeping Beauty, Babes in the Wood), more recent ones obliquely (Aladdin's Cave, Peter Pan's underground house, Alice down the rabbit hole).

The hardier northern tribes had a shorter period of hibernation, and began feasting as much as a week later.

E. M.

CHESS: Breach of Privilege

No. 66

I wonder if many of us when scribbling P x P e.p. on a score-sheet, are aware of committing a breach of privilege. Surely, for that inveterate one-stepper, the pawn, to be allowed a double-step on his first move is a unique privilege, and we are not likely to forget it whenever a pawn of ours, in exercising that privilege, has to cross the firing line of an enemy pawn. The rule that an e.p. capture must be made forthwith seems most neatly significant for the inherent justice of Chess. Crossing a firing line is dangerous, and in doing so one must accept the obvious risk; but having crossed it unharmed, it is only fair that one should feel safe from that particular danger.

Having given that much thought to the *en passant* rule we would hardly expect it to contain some food for further thought; but it certainly did for two worthy dons who—so the story goes—reached this position in the Chess Club of a University town. They were both fellows in the philosophical faculty, and the one who had the White pieces was a lecturer in logic.

He was an excitable man and, plonking his B down on KKt2 he shouted: "Check and mate next move!"

"Not at all," said the other man, nonchalantly interposing his QP. "As a matter of fact, you are mate yourself." Too flabbergasted for speech the logician peered at the board whilst his colleague continued calmly: "If you will allow me to say so, my dear fellow, by planting your Bishop on your King's only flight-square, you have, unwittingly, composed a neat little *sui-mate* in one."

"This is utter nonsense," spluttered the logician once he had regained the faculty of speech. "How can you mate me after being check-mated yourself?" "Why," said the other man, "by pushing my QP I discovered the fatal check, incidentally covering my own K against your Bishop's check." "Oh no, you didn't," came the triumphant reply, "your P never even reached its 4th square, it was taken *en passant* on its 3rd. Ergo, your K remained exposed, all the time, to the check of my B. Ergo, you were already mated yourself when you imagined that you were mating me. Dead men cannot shoot. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

The two dons continued the argument, until the Club Champion and the Secretary intervened and gave the ruling: a win for Black. No doubt, from what we all know about the rules of Chess, we must agree. But I am not very happy about that ruling; somehow, I feel, the excitable logician had an arguable case, to say the least.

In this week's competition, A—White to move and draw—may well be underrated with a mere 5 points. As for B—White to move and win—a complete analysis should rate as much as 7 points, because a good many "temptations" make this study rather more difficult than it looks.

A: E. Hufendieck, 1938

B: P. Heuäcker, 1938

Usual prizes. Entries by January 15.

This, incidentally, will also be the closing date for our British Studies Competition. Last minute competitors for the five-guinea prizes will find the conditions in the December 2nd issue.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 16.

Mutator: (8) . . . B-Kt3.

A: (1) P-R7, R-K1, (2) B-Kt8, R-K8 ch, (3) K-B2, R-K7 ch, (4) K-Q1, R-KR7, (5) B-Q5 ch, etc.

If (2) . . . R-QK1 ch, (3) K-B2! R-QB1 ch! (4) K-Q1, R-Q1 ch, (5) K-K2, R-K1 ch, (6) K-B1, etc.

If in the same variation the Black K stood at R7 (driven there by the tempting but wrong key-move B-Q5 ch), Black would win by . . . K-Kt6, followed by B-B7.

B: (1) R-Kt4, P-Kt3 (or 4), (2) KtxKtP ch, PxKt, (3) R-Kt1, B-QR1, (4) P-Kt4, BxP, (5) R-R1 ch, B-R4, (6) RxB ch, PxR, (7) P-Kt6, etc. Black's B-Kt6 ch, with the P queening, leads to much the same thing.

So many pitfalls that full marks were reached by only four competitors. J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft, P. B. Sarson, H. Zygalski share the week's prizes. But a good many others got near enough the gist of these intricate pieces to drop only a point or two in either of them. In Heuäcker's the wrong key-move B-Q5 is so devilishly tempting that I invariably awarded it two "consolation points." ASSIAC

PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Libraries bought. Nr. Lyric Theatre, W.6. Riv. 6807.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

CUMBERLAND Guest House, 75 Hillfield Park, N.10, comfortable accommodation, terms moderate. TUDor 3259.

DBLE. bedrm. & sit. rm. in ladies' flat, facing park. All modern conveniences. Use of bath., kit. From Jan. Box 9021.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CHARMING bed-sitting room in well-appointed flat, Harley Street. Suit professional or business lady. 3gns. References exchanged. Write Box 9977.

LONDON. Prof. people seeking a really well-furn. service rm. with breakfast & dinner, close West End, are invited to call at Park Hse., 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

LARGE, very well furnished single bedsitt. room with all conveniences, to let. Gentleman preferred. Mrs. Herbert, 44 Cranfield Gardens, N.W.6. Tel. MAIda Vale 7188.

EDGWARE. Quiet comf. home in bungalow suit business woman. Nr. Bakerloo and Northern Lines. Refs. reqd. Box 127.

VERY comfortable home (central heating) with own farm and garden produce, 26 miles West of London, country district, near large town. From 7 guineas a week. Box 189, Smith's Library, Maidenhead, Berks.

COUPLE, quiet tastes, both Civil Servants, seek London home with board (double bedroom and sitting room) as only guests. Box 100.

FURNISHED flat or house wanted, 3 or 4 bedrooms, from Feb. 1 or near date. Highgate Hampstead district. Box 6944.

ENGLISH businesswoman reqs. furn. bedsitting-room in or near London, with cooking niche or kitchenette, if possible with French-speaking people. Advertiser has good French and perfect German. Box 484.

REQUIRED by middle-aged lady, small unfurn. flat or rooms. Mod. rent. Careful and considerate tenant. Box 487.

YOUNG prof. couple req. unfurn./part-furn. accom., London area. Box 261.

YOUNG professional man, newly married, urgently seeks self-contained unfurn. flat, reasonable rent, Pimlico-Westminster similar district. Unable to pay premium. Box 232.

SCHOOLS

KENSINGTON Froebel School. Boys and girls 2-9. Open throughout the year. Country branch near Dorking. Daily car service, W. London areas. Enquiries: Principal, Mrs. E. D. Collins (American), 47, Redcliffe Gdns., S.W.10. Tel. FLA 0489.

ODAM Hill School; a friendly beginning for boys and girls (4-13). Animal care, riding, etc., on Children's Farm. Engs., particularly from parents abroad. R. A. Falkner and Mrs. Falkner, B.A., S. Molton, Devon.

RAYMONT School, Shortlands, Kent. Boys 3-11, Girls 3-18. A few vacancies for weekly or full boarders. Apply for prospectus to Mrs. G. Price, Principal, Ravensbourne 3274.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia, re-advertisement.—The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Challis Chair of English Literature tendered vacant by the death of Professor A. J. A. Waldock. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment. There is a normal retirement provision on the lines of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities and, in addition, a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of 60 years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. There is in the Department of English, a Chair of Early English Literature and Language, at present held by Professor A. G. Mitchell. A statement of Conditions of Appointment and Information for Candidates may be obtained on application to the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close with the undersigned on March 1, 1951. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Malaya. Vacancies exist for Cadets in the Colonial Customs Service in Malaya. The appointments will be on a 3 years' probation for permanent and pensionable employment. The salary scale, including pensionable expatriation allowances, is $415 a month to $975 a month (current sterling equivalent is £581 a year to £1,365 a year at one Malayan dollar to 2s. 4d.). A cost of living allowance is also payable varying according to basic salary and number of dependants. For a single man entering at the scale minimum it is at present $150 a month (£210 a year). Salaries are subject to local rates of taxation which are much lower than those in United Kingdom. Government quarters may be available at moderate rents. Candidates should be between ages 20 and 24 and should possess a University degree. Non-University candidates may be considered provided that they possess other special qualifications, e.g., in law, or if they have had special experience, e.g., as commissioned officers in His Majesty's Forces. No candidates will be considered who do not possess the School Certificate or its equivalent. Candidates should write at once for application forms to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Gt. Smith St., S.W.1, quoting "Customs Malaya."

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. Applications are invited for the Chair of English and New Zealand Law. The salary will be at the rate of £1,300 (N.Z.) per annum. An allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 1, 1951.

LONDON County Council. Education Inspectorate. Inspectors of Physical Education. Applications are invited from women for appointment as Inspector of physical education in the London education service at a salary of £600 × £30—£810 × £35—£950 a year. In exceptional circumstances an appointment above the minimum may be made. The duties will be to advise upon, organise and inspect physical education in various types of educational establishments, to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and to perform such other duties as may be required. Two positions are vacant; for one of them a person with special qualifications in dancing is needed. The staff of physical education inspectors includes two senior inspectors of physical education (a man, one woman) who exercise a general responsibility for physical education. Application forms, obtainable from the Education Officer (H), Estab.2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) should be returned by Jan. 26, 1951. Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments as Senior Experimental Officer and Experimental Officer to be filled by competitive interview. Candidates for the Senior Experimental Officer grade must have been born on or before August 1, 1915, and for the Experimental Officer grade on or before August 1, 1922, but for the latter grade candidates having special qualifications or experience may be admitted if born between August 2, 1922, and August 1, 1924. Candidates must have obtained the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject, or an equivalent qualification. Inclusive London salary scales (men): Senior Experimental Officer £735–£935, Experimental Officer £525–£675. Rates for women and for posts in the provinces are somewhat lower. Starting salary will be determined on an assessment of the successful candidates' qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3351. Completed application forms must be returned by January 31, 1951.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the York Labour Party for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Appointment in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from Mr. C. A. Waite, 2 Railway Street, York, to whom they must be returned not later than January 22, 1951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Assistant in the Topical Talks Unit of the Eastern Service, Overseas Services. The duties include the writing and editing of day-to-day news talks and talks of a general nature for broadcasting in English and for translation into other languages. Essential qualifications are a good general knowledge of international affairs and home politics, and an ability to think and work quickly, since Service requirements often call for informed and responsible comment of 500–800 words within an hour or an hour-and-a-half of the topic being selected. A special knowledge of the Middle East and South Africa, and journalistic experience would be an advantage. Starting salary £745 per annum (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 per annum maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "T.T.U. N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of French. Applications are invited for the undermentioned posts: (I) Lecturer (Grade III), at a commencing salary within the range of £550 to £750 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, duties to commence on October 1, 1951. The successful candidate will require a sound knowledge of the 17th Century French Theatre, and will direct final Honour students in that subject. (II) Assistant Lecturer (Grade III), at a commencing salary within the range of £400 to £500 per annum according to qualifications, duties to commence on October 1, 1951. A knowledge of 16th Century French Literature will be considered an advantage. Six copies of applications, with 3 testimonials and names of 3 referees, should be sent to the undersigned not later than January 30, 1951. C. G. Burton, Secretary, The University, Birmingham, 3.

HEMEL Hempstead Development Corporation. Applications are invited for the appointment of an Assistant in the Public Relations Department. The person appointed will be directly responsible to the Public Relations Officer for the supervision of that section of the Public Relations Department concerned with information to and from the public. Candidates should have (1) practical experience on the staff of a newspaper or periodical, (2) knowledge of the preparation of written material for the press, including typography, (3) sufficient administrative experience to organise and run an information office, and (4) interest in and some knowledge of town planning and New Town projects. The appointment is in the Senior Assistant grade which rises from £550 by increments of £30 to £750 a year and will be subject to the Development Corporation's staff rules and conditions of service, which are broadly similar to the Local Government "Charter." Contributory superannuation with an opportunity of entering or continuing in Local Government Superannuation Fund will be provided. Housing accommodation will be provided within a reasonable time. Applications, giving full personal particulars, the names of two referees, and clearly endorsed "Staff Information," should be addressed to reach the undersigned not later than January 15, 1951. W. O. Hart, General Manager, Westbrook Hay, Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

ESSEX County Council. Deputy Superintendent required at Rennard House for Girls at Great Baddow, near Chelmsford. Candidates should have experience in residential work. Post offers scope to woman interested in social work and with sympathetic understanding of delinquent girls. Salary £270 × £12 to £420, plus £60 special responsibility allowance, less £78 for board and lodging. Additional payment is made for any duties necessarily undertaken in excess of 48 hours a week. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford. Applications by January 17.

ST. Hilda's College, Oxford. The College will shortly appoint a woman as resident Junior Treasurer for Michaelmas term, 1951. The post is a new one and is intended to lead to a senior appointment and election to a Fellowship of the College. The commencing salary will be between £300 and £400 p.a. with board and residence. Candidates should have an aptitude for accounts and be willing to gain familiarity with the administrative side of the College. A University degree or high professional qualification is essential. Further particulars may be obtained from the College Secretary. Last date of application February 10, 1951.

THE London Police Court Mission requires a Matron for a Boys' Approved Probation Home now being established. Duties will include catering, clothing of boys, supervision of domestic work, first aid and some nursing. The contribution of the Mission to the recreational and personal activities of the boys (aged 15/18) will be a vital factor in the home. Salary by arrangement and in accordance with experience and qualifications. Applications stating age, education and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees should be sent to The Warden, c/o 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

WANTED. Intelligent educated man for maintenance in progressive co-educational school. Driver essential. Box 444.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX County Council. Applications are invited for the following resident posts at a short-stay Home for about 30 children to be opened in the New Year at Harold Wood Hall, Colchester Rd., Romford: Married couple to take charge (salary under consideration). House Mother, £283 9s. p.a., less £59 16s for emols.; Relief House Father, £345 16s. p.a., less £59 16s. for emols. (married or single persons may apply). Three Assistant House Mothers, £267 16s. p.a., less £59 16s. for emols. Conditions of service in accordance with Scheme of the National Joint Council as amended by the Ancillary Staff Council. The Home stands in its own grounds on the main London Road. Owing to accommodation difficulties it is not possible to consider applications from persons wishing to have their own children with them, except in the case of the senior married couple. Apply: Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE Dartington Hall Trustees invite applications for the post of Director of Music in the Arts Department at Dartington Hall, which falls vacant in September, 1951. The Director will be responsible for the full-time residential course for Teachers and Organisers approved by the Ministry of Education, for training and conducting the orchestra and chorus of local players and singers, and taking an open composition class. The Trustees hope to attract to this job a man or woman who combines first-class musical ability with an interest in amateurs and beginners. The salary will be according to experience and the post is pensionable. Application forms obtainable from the Arts Administrator, Dartington Hall, Totnes, Devon.

LONDON School of Economics (University of London). The British Library of Political and Economic Science has a vacancy for an Assistant on Grade IV, on the scale £156 × £19 10s.—£253 10s., or on Grade III, £280 × £20—£340. Applicants should be of Matriculation standard. Applications in candidates' own handwriting, with copies of two testimonials, should be sent not later than Monday, January 15, to the Librarian, British Library of Political and Economic Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

MARKET Research. Competent economist with thorough knowledge of statistical method required to take charge of market research department of a large company with factories in various parts of Gt. Britain. A salary commensurate with experience and ability will be paid. Minimum age 30. Box NS775, L.P.E., 110 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

TECHNOLOGIST required for Cotton Spinning and Weaving Mill (approx. 35,000 spindles and 1,000 looms) to control testing laboratory and give technical assistance on processing conditions, mill trials, etc. Experience of ring spinning and modern methods of processing essential. Apply, giving full details of qualification, experience, age, etc., to Secretarial Manager, Jas. Williamson & Son, Ltd., Lancaster.

POST-Training Course for Emergency Trained Teachers, held at the City of Portsmouth Training College. Applications are invited for appointment to the Panel of Part-time Tutors in History, Geography and French. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Organising Secy., Miss A. M. Moodie, 55 Berriedale Ave., Hove, 3, Sussex.

WELLGARTH Nursery Training College (Inc.), London, N.W.11. The Committee invites applications for the appointment of Principal. The post, which is resident, requires a good administrator with wide interests and initiative, and experience in the training of students for Nursery work is essential. A thorough knowledge of the care of small children from a few weeks to five years is essential, and some experience of Nursery School work desirable. Apply for further details of the post and a form of application to the Chairman at 37 Southway, London, N.W.11.

APPLICATIONS invited from bona fide Vegetarians for post of male Organising General Secretary. The Nature Cure Clinic, 13 Dalburst Road, W.1.

HOUSEMOTHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £175 p.a. × £15 to £250 p.a., plus full residential emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a., rising to £300, with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

LONDON publishing house requires young woman with secretarial duties. Interested in production and sales rather than editorial. Career girl preferred. Box 644.

CAPABLE woman required as secretary/shorthand-typist for Jewish Welfare Organisation. Experience, own initiative and active interest in work indispensable. Box 644.

ANALYTICAL & Consulting Chemist has a vacancy for a well-educated youth as pupil. Apply: Box 616.

EFFICIENT Secretary with initiative required. Shorthand-typing essential. Good salary to suitable applicant. Apply in writing: The Zionist Women's Labour Organisation, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3.

PRIVATE Secretary read., English, German, typing, shorthand, book-keeping. Beginning salary £50 a month, approx. 40 mins. train journey London. Good hours, alternate Saturdays. Box 471.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EX-OFFICER (30 years), single, well-travelled, sound knowledge of Literature. Served indentured apprenticeship in retail trade. Requires position of salesman for book-store or publisher. Box 9735.

POST urgently needed to enable mother to educate six-year-old daughter. Business & professional experience, also care of children, art, crafts, housekeeping. Expert needlewoman. Box 9982.

GIRL, B.A., completing Lit. Research, needs research/editorial/creative, above all intelligent, work. Languages, shorthand-typing. Pleasant. Box 9997.

HONOURS Graduate, 36, wide teaching experience (German, Music, Classics), free for responsible post where initiative and enthusiasm are assets. Box 421.

SALESMAN (30) of quite outstanding personality, experienced in negotiating sales of capital equipment at executive level, having a comprehensive knowledge of European markets, widely travelled and a man of culture to boot, seeks home or overseas representation worthy of his capabilities. French, Spanish. S. P., 17 London Lane, Bromley.

ENGINEER, B.Sc. (Eng.), A.M.I.E.E., present salary £775 in nationalised industry, seeks change to work compatible with pacifist views. Large family to support. Box 474.

OXFORD Hist. grad., political interests, seeks 6-9-month job. Box 475.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist. Hons. Degree French & German, Engl. & French shorthand, reqs. part-time work. Box 410.

MISCELLANEOUS

THIS year's Good Resolution: Don't let your language lapse. Join The Linguists' Club for conversation and tuition. 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sloane 9595.

FOREIGN Languages. Conversation groups and tuition every Tuesday evening, 7 p.m.–11 p.m., at The Continental Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. Phone Sec., GUN 8837.

LEARN Shorthand by February 6 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partics. MUS. 8923.

PARACHUTES. 1. 16 panels. Pure White Silk; each panel 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d., Whole Parachute 52s. 6d.; 2. Cream Cambric 10 panels; each 40in. × 60in., Whole Par. 16s.; 3. White Cotton; each panel 40in. × 96in., 4 panels 17s. 6d., 8 panels 31s. 6d. New Irish Embroidery Linen Cream or White, Lengths 3yds. × 36in. each 21s., 3yds. × 45in. each 25s. 6d., 3yds × 52in. each 28s. 6d. Post Free. Money back guarantee. Pressdorf Dispersy Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

OFFERS are invited for the purchase of: 17 polished oak reading tables, 12ft. × 4ft., with double slopes; 14 oak newspaper stands, 7ft. × 6ft. × 3ft.; singly or in lots. Apply Borough Librarian, Hoggerston Public Library, 236 Kingsland Rd., E.2.

CHILDREN'S Dungarees. Extra strong 7 cotton material. Navy, Khaki, Med. Blue, Brown. Size, shoulder to heel 24, 27, 30in., 6s.; 33 & 36in., 6s. 6d.; 39 & 42in., Brown only), 7s. 6d. Post free. Dept. (N.S.), W.E.S., 14 Ogle St., London, W.1.

HEAL'S remake and re-cover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert mattresses into spring interior types. Write for folder "Remaking Bedding." Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street" (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make), Meerschaums pipes old or new purchased.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: G.B.S. Complete leather pocket edition, £5; Prefaces, 25s; Kamsutra, 30s; Anangaranga, £2; Addressograph Model 2200, used only 18 months, price £250; E.M.G. Acoustic Interior Horn Gramophone, Electric Drive, £10. Secondhand wardrobes, cupboards, couch, chairs, bookcase, kitchen/nursery furniture; Grand Piano (near London), over-strung, Neumeyer, Berlin, fine tone, regularly serviced by Maples; best offer over £85 accepted; Empire Typewriter, £5; Baby Empire portable, as new, £16; Vidor miniature battery radio, £10.

WANTED: "The Political Quarterly," April, 1950.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning Advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. M.), St., Sn., 5 & 8. Wed. 2.30. "Lady Precious Stream." Mems.

UNITY. EUS 5391. New Revue. "Here Goes!" by Geoffrey Parsons and Berkeley Pase opens Wed., Jan. 10. Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. Adults only.

PLAYERS' Theatre, Villiers St., W.C.2, presents "Late Joys" and "Ali Baba," Mon. and Tues., 8 p.m., Wed. to Sat. 9 p.m. Members. Tel.: TRA. 1134.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until Jan. 7: Cocteau's "La Belle et la Bête" (A). From Jan. 8 Jean Marais, Dominique Blanchar in "Le Secret de Mayerling" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 4244. Jan. 7, 7.30, "Enrico IV" (A) (Italian).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 8 to 20, Nightly at 7.30 (Sundays excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 8-12, 16-20). Basil Cameron (Jan. 13 and 15). Tickets: Res. 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d.; and Prospectus from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Jan. 7, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Hirsch String Quartet. Harry Isaacs. Beethoven in G. Op. 18, No. 2; Debussy in G Mi. Str. Qts. Cesar Franck Pf. Quintet. Adm. 1s.

MORLEY College Concerts Society. Central Hall, Wed., Jan. 10, at 7.30. Mass in B flat (Maria Theresa) (Haydn); Les Nuits d'été, Song-cycle (Berlioz); Violin Concerto (1st perf.) (Fricker). Soloists: Elsie Morison, Marjorie Thomas, Peter Pears, Marko Rothmuller, Maria Lidka, Ralph Downes. Morley College Choir. London National Orchestra. Cond.: Walter Goehr. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Hall (WHI. 4256) or Chappell's, usual Agents, and from Morley College.

ROBERT Masters Quartet. Wigmore Hall, Fri., Jan. 12, at 7.30. Piano Quartet, Op. 16 (Beethoven); Piano Trio (1st perf.) (William Wordsworth); Piano Quartet, Op. 26 (Brahms). 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall, and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Sun., Jan. 7, 8 p.m. Pianoforte Recital by Israel Hoffman (Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Hoffman and Rosenbloom). Non-members 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Thurs., Jan. 11, 8 p.m. Classic & Romantic Music introduced and played by Ruth Bauer. For younger people. Non-mems. 1s.

DANCE. St. Marylebone Fabian Society and Labour Party Twelfth Night Gala at Broadhurst Rooms, 100 West End Lane, nr. W. Hampstead Tube Stn., Sat., Jan. 6, 7.30 p.m. Tkts. 4s. 6d. at door, 'phone CUN. 4546.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show at 39 Great W. Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields) every day 9-6 and on Saturday mornings. Catalogue sent on request.

FRENCH Paintings from the Burrell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street. Open till Jan. 20. Mon.-Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

RANDOLPH Schwabe Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square. Open till Jan. 27. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

EXHIBITION of Rudolf Steiner's work in the Arts. Open 1 p.m. to 8.30 daily. Jan. 6 to 20. 35 Park Road, N.W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Art of Ancient Nigeria.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. First Exhibition in England of the paintings of Ornoore Metelli, the Shoemaker of Terni (1872-1938). Also Les Equilibristes by Anna Mayerson, and Toiles Brodées by Frances Richards.

1950 Aspects of British Art, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., Piccadilly, W.1. Dec. 13-Jan. 12. Weekdays 10-6. Adm. 1s. 6d.

BRIGHTON: The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Open daily including Sundays. 10-5.

PHŒNIX Gallery offers Reproductions of Old Masters, English Landscape studies and the Modern French School. They are available framed and unframed. Write for a catalogue to 38 William IV Street, Charing Cross, W.C.2. (Hours, Mon.-Fri., 9.30-6.)

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Paintings by James Hull, watercolours by Red Taylor, and original French lithographs. Opening on Jan. 9.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London.—A lecture on "The Study of Legal History" will be delivered by Mr. C. H. S. Fifoot (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on January 16 at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Adm. free, without ticket.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. January 7: Theosophy and Science.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—*continued*

"THE Chinese Crisis": Kingsway Hall, London W.C.2. Mon., Jan. 8, 7 p.m. Chairman: Lord Stansgate. Speakers: Sir Andrew McFadyean, Norman Bower, M.P., Michael Foot, M.P., Reginald Sorensen, M.P., Ritchie Calder, Rev. Henry Carter, Kingsley Martin. Free. Nat. Peace Council.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Monday, Jan. 8, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "Publishing at Home and Abroad." W. Fogel. Adm. 1s. 6d.

UNITED Nations Brains Trust. Sir Frank Soskice, M.P., Lord Crook, Lord Macdonald, Lord Ogmore, Barbara Castle, M.P., T. Cook, M.P., and G. H. R. Rogers, M.P. Come and ask your questions at the Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Wed., Jan. 17, at 7.30 p.m. 1s. 6d. at door. Fabian International Bureau.

"CIVIL Rights in South Africa": Gerald Gordon, K.C., of the Cape Town Bar. In the Nibbett Hall, Inner Temple, E.C.4, at 7 p.m. Wed., Jan. 10. Arranged by The Haldane Society.

PROF. C. L. WRENN: "Some Impressions of the U.S.S.R." Tues., Jan 9, 7.30. Tickets 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. members and students 1s.) from S.C.R. Writers' Group, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or at door.

HIS BLACKHAM: "The God That Failed." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., Queensway, W.2. Sun., Jan. 7, 11 a.m.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7.45 p.m. Mr. Jack Lindsay speaking on "Cultural Life in Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mr. Noel Counihan. Adm. free. All welc.

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc. Sun., Jan. 7 at 7.45, 780 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal Cinema bus stop 2, 28; 645, 660). Mr. H. J. Blackham, "Freedom of Thought in the Twenteeth Century."

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 (LAN. 6593). Brains Trust on Poland. A team of British and Polish experts will answer your questions on all aspects of life in Poland to-day. Fri., Jan. 5, at 7.45. All welcome. Refreshments.

TALK for children on "One God: the Ways He is Worshipped and Served" (illus. by Film Strips), by Albert I. Polack, M.A. (Education Officer, Council of Christians and Jews). Tuesday, Jan. 9 at 3 p.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All children from 10 to 16 welc.

"CAN Science Help Religion?" Lecture by Prof. A. C. Hardy, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (Linacre Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, Oxford), Sunday, Jan. 7, at 3.30 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

UNIVERSITY of London.—A lecture on "Some Aspects of the Interpretation of Shakespeare" will be delivered by Professor H. Kökeritz (Yale) at 5.30 p.m. on January 11, 1951, at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (Entrance from Russell Square or Malet St.). Adm. free, without ticket.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St. Public Lecture, Wed., Jan. 10, 6.30. Self and not-Self. Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

DR. E. Graham Howe will lecture on "Our Human Motors" in room 15, Caxton Hall on Mon., Jan. 8, 7 p.m. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Jan. 12, 6 p.m., Mr. H. Lynton Fletcher: "Your Voice is your Fortune."

MR. L. A. G. STRONG on "Voice & Character." Jan. 12 at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. 8.15. All welc.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thurs., at 7.30 p.m. Jan. 11, "Sarada Devi, India's Woman Saint." Adm. free.

"THE Existence of God," a series of 4 important conferences by Rev. Fr. T. Corbishley, S.J., will be held at Farm St. Church, W.1, each Wednesday in January at 6 p.m. You cannot afford to miss this!

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 a.m. Jan. 7, S. K. Ratcliffe, "Hopes and Fears for 1951." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday evenings, at 7 p.m. Jan. 9, M. L. Burnet: "How Political Policy is Made." Adm. free. Collection.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

BASIC Economics. A course of twelve lectures planned to provide busy people with a working knowledge of economics. Syllabus covers economic theories of past and present. Each weekly lecture repeated from Monday to Friday, from January 15. Fee one guinea. Enrol now. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of three lectures on "The Study of African Abilities" will be delivered by Dr. E. S. Biesheuvel (Director, National Institute for Personnel Research, South Africa) at 5.30 p.m. on January 15, 17 and 22, at the Institute of Education, Malet St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

PSYCHICAL Research—The Present Position. Progressive League Week-end Conference, February 23-25, at Southdean Hotel, nr. Bognor Regis. Chair: Dr. S. C. Harland. Programme: G. N. M. Tyrrell, "The Validity of Paranormal Evidence"; Dr. John Bates, "A Rational Approach to the 'Spirit World'"; Dr. L. J. Bendit, "The Psychic Factor in Medical Psychology"; Mrs. L. J. Bendit (Phæbe Payne), "The Nature of the Psychic Faculty." Fees: Mems. £2 7s. 6d., Non-Mems. £2 12s. 6d. Single room 7s. 6d. extra. Apply Hon. Sec., 43 West Park, S.E.9. ELT. 1761.

PENDLEY Manor, Tring. Week-end courses. Jan. 19 to 22. The Gramophone —a course for all lovers of music and the gramophone. Speakers will include H. J. Leak on "High Fidelity Reproduction," Lionel Salter on "Criticism." Practical discussion and gramophone recitals. Jan. 26 to 28. The Countryside in Winter—cold-weather habits of birds and beasts, Countryside books, Winter Wood-tracking. Details from the Sec., Pendley Manor, Tring. (Tring 2302.)

ELEVEN University Extension lectures on "The Assault on the West" will be given weekly by Dr. C. A. Smith, M.A., at the Interval Club, 22 Dean St. (off Oxford St.), Wednesdays, 7 p.m., starting Jan. 10. Subjects include "Intellectual Freedom" and "Stalin's Global Strategy." Course tickets (10s.) available from Lecture Secretary, 66 Elizabeth St., S.W.1. Single Lectures, 2s.

INTEGRATION of Europe. Special conference at Arnold House, Brighton, Jan. 26-28. European Unity—Why? Prof. George Catlin; Co-operation of Sovereign States? Dennis Healey; A Supra-national Authority? P. L. Loyd-Jones; The Implications for Britain, Antony Crosland; Council of Europe—and the Future, R. W. G. Mackay. Progressive League. Enquire: 43, West Park, S.E.9.

BECOME Your Own Economist. Winter Term of classes in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begins on Tuesday and Thursday, January 23 and 25, 7 p.m., at Westminster. Course lasts ten weeks (attend once weekly on either day). No fees. Classes will also be held in Battersea, Croydon and Enfield. Write for full particulars to Henry George School of Social Science, 4 Great Smith St., S.W.1. or telephone Abbey 6665.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from social workers for places in the Mental Health Course beginning October, 1951. Grants are available for suitable applicants. This course qualifies for psychiatric social work in Child Guidance Clinics, Mental Hospitals, and Mental Health services in general. Candidates must already have qualified as social workers and hold a Social Science Certificate, a Degree followed by practical training, or other recognised equivalents. They must be aged at least 22, and preference will be given to those between the ages of 24 and 35 who have already employed as social workers. Applications may be made now and must be received not later than 31st March, 1951. Further particulars may be obtained from the Tutor, Mental Health Course, London School of Economics, Houghton St., London, W.C.2.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. (Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces.) Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty Street, W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Spring term begins January 15. Classes for beginners and students of all grades. Individual tuition. All particulars from Secretary. Tel. HOLborn 6721.

SPANISH—Evening Classes for students at all stages. January 15-March 20, 1951. Details from: Educational Director, Hispanic Council, 4 Upper Berkeley St., London, W.1.

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LEISURE Time Courses in History of London, Art of Writing, Art, Music, Drama, A New Approach to the Bible, Moral Philosophy, Current Affairs, Languages, Child Study, Child Development, Folk Dancing, canteen, common room and library at Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. (EUS. 1816). Spring term starts Monday, Jan. 8, 1951. Syllabus on application.

FOR commercial training Dutton Shorthand School. Winter term commences Jan. 8. 12 weeks' full-time secretarial course. Shorthand, Typing and Office routine. Also part-time course in Shorthand and Typing, or Shorthand only. Evening classes in Shorthand Theory, various speeds, Typing. Syllabus from Dept. DE2, 92 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—*continued*

LIBERAL Jewish Synagogue Religion School, 28, St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. New term begins Sunday, January 14, at 10 a.m. when the Principal will be pleased to enrol new pupils. Classes are held regularly on Sunday mornings in all Jewish subjects, including Jewish history, ceremonies and Hebrew, and are open to all children from 6 to 16, whether or not their parents are members of the Synagogue. For particulars of correspondence courses of religious instruction for children who cannot attend at the Synagogue apply to the School Secretary.

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MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New courses commence January 15 and 29.

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HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. For amateurs, professionals, children. (Creative method of teaching.) New term commenced January 2. Studio: 50 Baker St., W.1. (temp. address). Enq.: 18 Parliament Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM 0699.

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THE Lied. Style and Interpretation. A weekly study circle, including lectures and practical work for Pro. singers and accompanists, conducted by Walther Gruner. For particulars apply: The Secretary, 29 Victoria Rd., Kensington, W.8.

MODERN Languages. English for foreigners. Preparation for examinations. Day and evening classes. Hanover School of Higher Education and Modern Language, Ltd., 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347/8.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Institute of Education. A Summer School will be held at Malvern, Worcestershire, Saturday, July 21-Saturday, August 4, 1951. There will be courses on "Education in Other Countries" (Director of Studies: C. H. Dobinson, M.A., Reader in Education, University of Oxford); "Diagnostic and Mental Testing" (Director of Studies: Professor E. A. Peel, B.Sc., M.A., Ph.D., University of Birmingham); "Methods in Local Studies" (Director of Studies: A. E. Tubbs, B.Sc. (Econ.), University of Birmingham). In addition to lectures and discussions, there will be opportunity for practical work, visits and recreation. Fee: (tuition and residence) £20. For further particulars and forms of application apply to The Director, Institute of Education, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3.

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